

THE
SATURDAY REVIEWOF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,860 Vol. 110.

20 August 1910.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Spencer will be remembered as the Viceroy that broke the Invincibles. His struggle with the deadly conspiracy, whose effective resource was assassination, will not be forgotten. Probably only historians will trouble themselves about Lord Spencer's conversion to Home Rule, but his calmness in the terrible moment after the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, a calmness that alone prevented general panic, will live in the mind of the public. Lord Spencer could also, in supreme need, stand up even against his friend and hero. He stood resolutely to the "Spencer Naval Programme", and had his way in face of Gladstone and Harcourt. He never had any misgivings afterwards about his action in this matter, as a very interesting letter we publish this week shows. It is good to find this public firmness in the quiet, unassuming, courteous gentleman of private life. Lord Spencer, indeed, was the very pink of courtesy, as those who have done business with him know. And this is the hardest test. It is easy to be courteous in public, in the field, in the drawing-room; it is not so easy to be courteous in business. Lord Spencer's courtesy knew no difference between a clerk and a Cabinet Minister.

The three figures popularly most idealised of the nineteenth century were women (and this without any aid from votes)—Queen Victoria, Grace Darling, and Florence Nightingale. A fourth might be added—the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. A woman in the century before—Elizabeth Fry—about the time Florence Nightingale was born, similarly caught the popular imagination and still lives, the pioneer of prison reform, as

Florence Nightingale was the pioneer of hospital and nursing reform. It seems our heroines must be utilitarians before they can touch our enthusiasm. And it is true we have no such romantic figure as Joan of Arc. Even our Grace Darling, whose print used to hang on cottage walls, must be turned to account in the better organisation of the lifeboat service.

The only two people who distinguished themselves in the Crimean War by genius were Todleben, who organised the defence of Sebastopol, and Florence Nightingale, who organised the nursing at Scutari. Genius can be almost counted on to appear in a siege, but nothing so impromptu will take the place of science and organisation for preventing the wastage of life in war. This was the lesson learned from Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimea; and so in the South African War we were perhaps better prepared for nursing than for fighting. And as peace has learned many things from war, we have a civil hospital system and an army of nurses that may be traced back to the same source. As for the sentiment that surrounds our nurses, is it not a rather undue expectation of finding in every wearer of the uniform a potential Florence Nightingale?

We have not done with the Archer-Shee case yet. When Parliament reassembles we shall hear a good deal more of it, a good deal more than Mr. McKenna will enjoy. The Admiralty, forced to come out of cover, did the best it could to get quit of the business by promptly withdrawing all charges against the boy. But a wicked injustice was done and responsibility must be brought home to the right party or parties. The Admiralty are not to be allowed to sponge the slate.

Kelt and Saxon, represented by Mr. Lloyd George and Mrs. Fawcett, have been disputing their political values. Mr. Lloyd George, having appealed to a suffragist deputation to allow the Government to destroy the House of Lords before they proceeded to construct a new franchise, drew Mrs. Fawcett, who

said that the political genius of the Kelt was for destruction and not for creation; and he appears to have thought that this apophthegm was directed against him on account of his vote against the Conciliation Bill. But from her letter in last Tuesday's "Times" it would seem that the Saxon lady has considerable powers of destruction herself, seeing the plight in which she leaves Mr. Lloyd George. We may speculate at length whether her remark is supported by history; meanwhile, the political genius of his nation has not prompted the Keltic champion to create a reply.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has been celebrating his eightieth birthday very quietly at his favourite Ischl while all the world has been writing about him. Liberal journalists assert that he began his reign as an autocrat and is ending it as a democrat. There is no truth in the idea. Francis Joseph is as autocratic as ever, only his methods have changed. Beust and the bureaucrats having brought him near to ruin, he now uses Parliaments to present him with his problems, but it is still the monarch alone who solves them. He takes his time over his work, but he has pacified Austria and may live to pacify Hungary. His solution, offered five years ago, is universal suffrage. The scheme may have few friends in the present Hungarian Parliament, but it had still fewer in the last. And in the end it seems certain to be carried, if only because no alternative has been suggested. But for all its democratic character it could never have come from a constitutional Hungarian King speaking as advised by his Ministers.

The German shipbuilding strike, which is really less of a strike than a lock-out, may develop into a very big thing. The workers' demands are heavy, but their excuse is the great rise in prices owing to the taxes of last year, and their action is yet another sign of the present tension in German politics. But the employers feel the tension too and mean business. Their organisation, which is young and confident, is thinking of sympathetic lock-outs in kindred trades, and already the Westphalian mineowners have resolved not to engage any man coming from the dockyards. Something far deeper than any mere labour dispute is at the back of all this co-operation, which may teach the Social Democrats that the game is not wholly in their hands even though they have won seven bye-elections in a twelvemonth.

The "Standard" usefully cites a German criticism of the Territorials. The "Hamburger Nachrichten" 's correspondent sums up the position thus: "The brave boys are cradled in false dreams, from which perhaps they may some day waken with horror". This is only a newspaper opinion, no doubt, but the critic has at any rate been trained as a real soldier, being a German: he knows what military training means. To put down his strictures (which are not ill-natured) to German jealousy would be silly; as silly as to speak of our being jealous of German bluejackets. And certainly his criticism is not patriotically interested, for nothing could suit a rival so well as to leave our Territorials to dream that they are soldiers, and the country to dream that the Territorials save us from the need of conscription.

Abdul Hamid is a man of mystery to the end. He has left Salonika, says Mrs. Archibald Little; his villa is shut up and the townspeople all believe him gone. The story is that he bought his removal by surrendering his millions in the Deutsche Bank. If it be true, he is no doubt back in Constantinople, for where else would he want to be? But we need not jump to the conclusion that dissensions have broken out among the Young Turks and that a new revolution is preparing. Salonika, in the days when Abdul Hamid was sent there, was the Young Turks' stronghold and Constantinople the danger-point. To-day Constantinople is about the one city in the Empire where their rule is well established. They may well prefer to have so crafty an intriguer safe in a

place where martial law prevails and where no frothy pretensions of freedom need cause any slackening of vigilance.

Brussels has narrowly escaped a disaster more shocking even than the Paris bazaar fire. Had the fine buildings at the Exhibition devoted to Great Britain and Belgium been crowded, as at most times they were, at the moment the flames burst out, nothing could have prevented horrors unspeakable. Anyone who has walked through the Exhibition and can imagine the whole thing collapsing upon a panic-stricken mob, will understand what a mercy it was that turned the public into the grounds an hour or two before the event. When the work of years can be reduced to ashes in five minutes, the chances of escape must be slender indeed. How the fire originated is unknown. The buildings must have been so constructed that a spark meant demolition, and the wonder is that any part of the Exhibition was spared. A fortunate change in the wind alone enabled the firemen to check the progress of the flames midway in the French Section.

The damage is irreparable. With some things that could well be spared—the absurd wax figures of certain members of Parliament in the Lobby of the House, for instance—have disappeared great treasures. But happily we have Lord Lytton's assurance that the first accounts, naturally perhaps, were much exaggerated. The decision was at once taken to keep what remained of the Exhibition open, and to a certain class of mind no doubt the ruins, with the searchers probing about for such treasures as might be found, would prove a new attraction. Great Britain and Belgium, with a spirit which commands their mutual admiration, have both determined to rebuild.

Lord Blyth is making valiant struggles for a penny postage with France. His enthusiasm is immense, if not catching. Where is Mr. Henniker Heaton? How has he allowed Lord Blyth to steal his thunder? For ourselves now that Mr. Henniker Heaton has ceased from troubling, we wish Lord Blyth were at rest; that is, would leave postal business alone. He has timed his portentous letter with its appendix of noble opinions well. In August it is certain of full advertisement—it comes, we are sure, as a godsend to many a leader-writer. Sheer gratitude will secure for his idea more favour than it might get on merits. Any real gain that can come from a penny post with France we defy anyone to show. Possibly it might pay as a commercial venture, but the Post Office is not a commercial concern, and it is not its business to go into new ventures merely in the hope of profit. The only result of reduction to a penny will be to stimulate an intolerable nuisance, the postage of rubbish that no Government department ought to be occupied with. One of Lord Blyth's patrons, Lord Dartmouth, puts the complete condemnation of the proposal in four lines:

"For those will write
Who never wrote before
And those who wrote
Will only write the more".

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's tour in the Canadian West has at least enabled him to show how well he can hunt with the Free Trader and run with the Protectionist. The farmer naturally does not view the tariff with the eye of the manufacturer. He invited the Free Trade Premier to lower present duties. Sir Wilfrid Laurier at once took his stand on revenue and business necessities. "Is there anyone who thinks Free Trade as they have it in England could be applied in this country?" he asked, and for the present at any rate he has no mind for tariff reductions. It is a neat little object-lesson for Tariff Reformers. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a Free Trader in theory: in practice and as circumstances dictate he is something very different.

Not less significant than Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attitude are the comments of some of the Liberal papers in Canada. What Free Trade would do for Canada, they tell us, is a purely academic question. "There is no more prospect", says one, "of Free Trade in this generation than of the present general adoption of airships for freight and passengers." Sir Wilfrid Laurier will know how to value the statement that no Government or party in Canada has ever seriously proposed to introduce Free Trade. Equally certain is it that an overwhelming majority in Canada would welcome an approach to freer trade within the Empire. What really exercises the Canadian mind is the continued refusal by Great Britain to recognise in her own ports the advantage she enjoys in Canadian markets. British obduracy is strengthening the hands of those who favour reciprocity with the States, and the last thing the Canadian manufacturer desires is keener competition from across the border.

Mr. Norton Griffiths, the hero of Wednesbury, is a man of infinite resource. He won a most wonderful Unionist victory last January, and he is determined to live up to his great feat. He now proposes to plant in Canada some hundreds of families of his constituents. This would be a most gracious and ingenious way of removing opponents. Obviously it would be wrong and churlish to restrict so handsome an offer to his political friends. But if Mr. Griffiths extends his transplanting operation too far, he will have no constituents left. Any way it is a very fine thing to do. He is helping the lame dog, and it is all the more to his credit that he is taking away to better times the most effective object-lesson in the need for Tariff Reform—the good man out of work. Mr. Griffiths is a brilliant electioneer, but he is plainly more than that and much better.

Lancashire has for some time been so hard pressed by the shortage in the world's cotton that new sources of supply are being looked for. India appears to be the only field from which in the near future much might be expected. The official report just issued of the proceedings at the meeting which Lord Morley recently had with representative master cotton spinners and manufacturers should be carefully studied by all interested, as no doubt it will be by the Indian Government. India, though the second largest cotton producer in the world, as Lord Morley pointed out, has not made the most of its opportunities. Indian cotton is not of much use to Lancashire, but it might be improved both in quality and in quantity with benefit to India and relief to Lancashire. The more Indian cotton is used either in India or in other countries which do not demand the finest counts, the more American cotton will be left over for the Lancashire spinner. Lord Morley will naturally do what he can. He is both Lancashire man and Secretary of State for India.

It is good news that a beginning is to be made with sugar-beet growing in England, and even better news that the experiment will be decently organised. The National Sugar-Beet Council, with Lord Denbigh at its head, is anxious to tabulate the results arrived at by experimental growings this season, and its work will be of great assistance to the Sussex farmers, who are invited to provide 2000 acres of beet next year. Further, Mr. Courthope has arranged for a company to buy the beet when it is grown, and is satisfied that the company will get a good price for its sugar. If all goes well, there will be a great change in the conditions of English agriculture. But why should a Peer and a Unionist M.P. be doing all the work? This is just the sort of scheme which the Development Bill, as advertised, was intended to assist. But the Government have done nothing in the matter except talk about free trade.

No doubt the best way to fight consumption is to spread information about it broadcast. Ignorance is

especially the mother of disease in this case; and the one thing that ought to be known is that it can be prevented if proper means are taken against infection. To stamp it out is wholly a question of knowledge and organisation and necessary funds. The first thing to do is to create a public feeling, and the Special Appeal Committee of the National Association is urgently asking for £5000 a year, to hold travelling tuberculosis exhibitions, to give popular lectures, and to start an information bureau. It is a method which has had much success already; and we hope those into whose hands the appeal comes will help. Later on, when the Association has educated the people, public money will be wanted for sanatoria. But the saving on balance will be enormous, and the poor and rich will equally benefit.

The Dean of Lincoln, Dr. E. C. Wickham, was a first-rate scholar, a good schoolmaster, a moderate ecclesiastic. He well kept up the great Anglican tradition of the scholar-parson, a tradition of greater value than this age of busybodies likes to acknowledge. Wickham in his *Horace*—a perfect work—has won *Horace's* immortality; but other immortality was in his thoughts. As Churchman Wickham cannot be accounted great—greatness has more dimensions than breadth. He is simply no figure at all beside his Bishop, King the saint, the ideal ecclesiastic, the true father in Christ.

Mr. Justice Walton had been nearly nine years on the Bench, and it cannot be said that he had added anything to the fame which he had gained as an advocate. Perhaps the fact of his very sudden death may explain what had been a considerable puzzle. How was it that the brilliant, concise, rapid advocate could have become the slow, prolix, hesitating, doubting judge? It is not the first time that the distinguished man at the Bar has sunk into the commonplace judge. Sometimes the reason has been that he was appointed at too late an age, when the faculties begin to go slow. But this would not account for the change in Walton, who came to the Bench at fifty-six.

Very probably some insidious weakness was present throughout. Latterly it was known at the Bar that he was not well: he had been treated for sciatica; but he seemed to be doing his work much as usual. Not very effectively unfortunately, for the cases in the Commercial Courts have not been cleared off as they ought to have been. Both lawyers and the commercial world are disappointed. The purpose for which the Commercial Court was set up—the speedy disposal of mercantile cases—has not lately been realised. Yet it was not learning nor ability that was lacking nor a charming temperament. Next sittings will surely be unprecedented, with three judges taking their seats together for the first time.

At the inquiry into the shooting case on the Metropolitan Railway, Mr. Frost, who was shot, stated that he tried to find the communication-cord but could not find it. The very sufficient reason was that there was not one in the carriage. When the magistrate expressed surprise he was informed that it is not necessary to have a communication-cord unless a train goes for twenty miles without stopping. This seems to mean that railway companies are excused by law in such a case. If so, the law ought to be altered. If it means that the companies do not think travellers require protection on the shorter journey, there ought to be a prosecution. As the magistrate remarked, there is not less danger in ten miles than in twenty. The corridor and the cord must go together for safety and "amenities" in railway travelling.

Whatever may be the truth of complaints about the taxi-cab driver, it is not fair to charge him with arrogance due to his excessively large earnings. If Sir

Philip Burne-Jones and Mr. Edward Cutler have had unpleasant experiences, other people can say, as we ourselves can, that theirs have been different. At any rate, their explanation will not do. The manager of the Waterloo Taxi-cab Company, whose men have stopped work, is not likely to be too favourable to them, and he says that the amount of their earnings has been considerably overstated.

We suppose that now the novelty is worn off, the public are not inclined to tip as they did at first. The public, of course, ought not to tip, but then we suppose refraining from tipping has made the original terms between the drivers and the companies not so good as they were. It seems as if in consequence the drivers hardly know which is the enemy, and if there is a general strike, as threatened, it will apparently be against both parties. The public are right not to tip, or what is the taximeter for? Indefinite tipping accounts for most of the ill blood between cabmen and their fares. What is wanted is satisfactory terms fixed between drivers and the companies.

It is becoming daily more dangerous to refer to "the weaker sex", on account of the increasing doubt in the reader's mind which sex is meant. However, amongst the crowds that struggle for places in workmen's cars, in the early morning and between six and seven every night, one is back in pre-chivalrous days; and the weaker—the working girls—go to the wall. How to secure fair play for all concerned in this daily fight is a problem that develops interest both for the traffic manager and the sociologist. The London County Council tried the experiment of reserving a special car for women; one or two men tried to enter, and the ladies took the matter—and the men—into their own hands; but the authorities complain that the number of women is insufficient to fill a particular car. Is not this one of the things they manage better in France? The queue system has long proved its usefulness outside our theatres; and the forthcoming experiments with it on the Embankment may, it is hoped, help to solve the problem.

If the American poet were alive to adapt the orthography of his works to the new spelling code, he might well say that no human sight can follow the aero in its flight. The human mind scarcely dares anticipate to-day what feat of aviation will not be accomplished on the morrow. A new feature, which may be short-titled "weight-carrying", has been introduced this week. The Channel has been "flown" before now, but not previously with a passenger reported to weigh thirteen stone. This is a kind of sleeping partner who can be of no practical assistance during the voyage; ballast he may be, but to lighten ship in mid-Channel by dropping such a human sand-bag overboard would no doubt wreck both the suddenly relieved aeroplane and the constitution of the Jonah. Surely the aviator's pride would be greater in the safe carriage of two souls of six stone each than in one of thirteen? When it comes to the transportation of troops, we imagine that a couple of infantrymen, carefully "trained down" like university coxswains, would do more damage than a single heavy dragoon.

One is glad to know that the county cricket championship is settled; for that suggests an end. And for champion one could prefer no county to Kent. Kent generally play two or three gentlemen out of eleven; and they always play the game. Kentish cricket is or seems more of a sport and less of a business than county cricket generally; which has gone to the bad, much like Association football. We do not say at all that there is no place for the professional. What we lament is that there seems to be none for the gentleman. Well, "Close of Play" will soon be final for this year; but how long before "Cup Tie" will flourish in its place? Is it possible to spend a holiday where neither can be heard of?

LORD SPENCER.

LORD SPENCER was hardly a great personality; perhaps he was not a personality at all. He was great, and sat high in English hearts, because he was one of a great British type, a tradition of English public life. He was the nobleman, the grand seigneur, who gave himself to the service of his country, and in it was equally indifferent to fear or favour. He did his duty according to his lights, a simple honest Englishman of high character and good sound ability. Not too bright nor too good, not a man of imagination or ideas, without anything of the artistic temperament, he appealed strongly to the average Englishman, who is just a sensible, honest Philistine. This type of noble public servant will always have the most abiding respect of the country, because in it the man in the street sees just a fine edition of himself. It does not puzzle him like the brilliant man or raise his suspicion like the slim man or fog him as the rarefied intellectual. "Solid common sense" is the foundation of this character as nearly all Englishmen believe it is of theirs. Common sense always means the absence of the extraordinary and so of anything extreme, and this solid type of aristocratic public man is rightly associated with moderation and sobriety, and therefore with compromise. Add to this a dignity, in truth a rather solemn gravity, of demeanour, and you have everything the middle-class Englishman wants in his public men. It is not an accident that the men most typical of this type—if a precious phrase may pass—have been Whigs and Liberals. Whiggism and Liberalism are essentially compromise, essentially "sensible", in popular phrase. To be a great noble, far enough on the popular side to prevent the people coming too near, was a very safe and very comfortable attitude. Neither is it incompatible with even stern resolution when the limit of what is judged reasonable concession has been reached. Every generation of English public men has its examples of this type—and it is well that it has. In recent times Lord Hartington (even more than as Duke of Devonshire), Lord Spencer, and the present Lord Lansdowne are instances good enough.

One must perhaps apologise in these days for what is called a "classical illusion", though Heaven knows there is nothing less remote or more real (realistic, if you prefer barbarous words) than Roman public life. But it is difficult not to note the strong resemblance between the traditional Whig magnate and the common Roman ideal of a public man. "Vir pietate gravis", dignitas and all the other familiar epithets remind one irresistibly of the Whig lords. And the Roman worthies had the Whig magnates' virtues—devotion to duty, courage, common sense; and they were not brilliant. Caesar, like Disraeli, was always more or less suspect because he was so brilliant—it was un-Roman. The resemblance of the noble Roman public servant to the Whig lord type illustrates yet again the striking community between the Roman and the English nations.

It is quite possible that, being of this type, Lord Spencer would have made a more successful Prime Minister than the brilliant Lord Rosebery. He would certainly have kept the confidence of the country longer; though by that time a social and political element was coming into play in British public life for whom the Hartington type has much less attraction than for the middle class. Still, Home Rule and all, Lord Spencer was mainly remembered for his fight with the Invincibles, that league of murder, in Ireland. His courage and quiet pertinacity sank very deep in the public mind. He saved the situation at a moment of peculiar horror—a most perilous social crisis. And for this the public has never ceased to be grateful. To take your life in your hands, to live daily in danger of assassination, to work on unflinching through unceasing abuse and misrepresentation for no reward but the satisfaction of doing your duty—a public servant could reach no higher. "Facer" to the Unionists as Lord Spencer's conversion to Home Rule was—the worst

"facer" of all—they never forgot his Vice-regal record and were always willing to forgive him much because he had done so much.

How did Lord Spencer come to be a Home Ruler? We are not supposing a double dose of villainy in a man because he becomes a Home Ruler; but everyone, even an Irish Nationalist, will admit that Lord Spencer's conversion wants explaining. It was unlikely—it did not square with Lord Spencer's character nor follow naturally from his career. A simple, sensible man of action like Lord Spencer very seldom changes his views suddenly. You can predict his future from his past. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such experiences as Lord Spencer had gone through in Ireland would prevent a man joining those against whom he had been thus desperately contending. To put it at its lowest, prejudice would keep him from it. To rise above this prejudice, to be uninfluenced by the memory of horrors, to free himself from old associations and take the course repugnant to all his natural sympathies, because, on a calm intellectual survey, he had come to the conclusion that this course was best for the country; this, frankly, is a moral and intellectual feat of which Lord Spencer's type does not seem capable. Only the greatest could be. We are not taking the line that Lord Spencer's conversion is not a score for Home Rule but only a score against Lord Spencer. That will not do. If we admit that Lord Spencer had great qualities of character, as all do, and unparalleled opportunities of judging Irish affairs, which no one can question, his conversion to Home Rule must give every Unionist serious pause. But, as we said, it seems to us, for convincing reasons, impossible to put down his change of view to deliberate independent judgment. Neither can it be put down to any low motive. He could as little sink to the one as he could rise to the other. Were it not for his determined and prevailing opposition to Gladstone later on in the naval programme of 1893, we should unhesitatingly put down Lord Spencer's conversion to Gladstone's personal ascendancy over him. A straight, simple character brought up against that most complex, most subtle, allusive genius might easily be spellbound by its attraction. No doubt he at that time intensely believed in Gladstone, and it was easier to break away from himself and his old views than from Gladstone. He was persuaded, no doubt, that Home Rule was right just as Gladstone persuaded himself. But, whatever the reason, Lord Spencer's conviction as to Home Rule did not carry conviction to others. We know of no evidence that Lord Spencer was doubtful about Home Rule or contemplated a change of policy before Gladstone did. He went over with Gladstone, and Gladstone went over when he was faced with a parliamentary situation from which he could see no other way out. This may sound like a mere party gibe; but in all honesty it seems to us the only explanation on the known facts of Gladstone's volte-face. It may be that some of the glamour of Gladstone's personality had worn off when Lord Spencer some years later "stood up" to him and compelled the Government to adopt an effective naval programme. Certainly for very many Gladstone's fascination had then considerably worn off. Anyway, Lord Spencer held out for more ships, and Gladstone soon resigned. Apparently the coincidence was not accidental. But one would rather have expected Lord Spencer to resign and Gladstone to have his way. Then he would have shed one more of his old associates and disciples—it was few indeed Gladstone had not shed by the time he resigned.

It has been a stock remark with the papers this week that aristocrats like Lord Spencer are now very rare in the Liberal party. So much the worse, say the Liberals, both for these peers and the country. We quite agree that, if there must be two parties, it is better both should have amongst their leaders men of the Spencer type. We do not rejoice that the whole aristocracy is gravitating to the Unionist party. But this class division, deplored by moderate Liberals, is not the work of the peers; it is the obvious result of

one party making a general attack on the peers' order a part of their regular programme. How can peers take an active part in the counsels and direction of a party which has resolved to reduce them to legislative impotence and is driving them off the land by taxation invented for that express purpose? The peers, like the rest of us, do not wish to be extinguished; therefore they cannot belong to a party that wishes to extinguish them. The change is not in the peers but in the Liberal party.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S GAME.

A VERY interesting situation is rapidly developing in American politics. Nobody really believed that Mr. Roosevelt on his return intended to play the part of Brer Rabbit, "to lie low and say nuffin". But it was generally assumed that it might be two or three months before he plunged into the fray. Indeed, the ex-President had intimated as much. But he must have reckoned without the pressure of his own temperament. It is impossible for him to see a fight going on and not take part in it, as impossible as it is for him to see an audience and not lecture it. Like the legendary Irishman at Donnybrook, whenever he sees a head it must be hit. The heads he has now selected for chastisement are those of the Republican Bosses, and in the first encounter Mr. Roosevelt has been defeated. The New York State Republican Committee, which is the Inner Circle of Bosses, has rejected his nomination for temporary chairman of the State Convention. This decision may or may not be confirmed by the delegates when they meet in September, but in any case it serves to bring to a head the dissension which has been latent, and it clearly indicates that Mr. Roosevelt means to take an active part on the side of the "insurgent" Republicans. The fact that the Vice-President, Mr. Shearman, has been chosen by the Committee instead of Mr. Roosevelt does not convey much to our minds, for it gives no explanation as to Mr. Taft's attitude. A President and a Vice-President rarely run on sympathetic lines.

Mr. Roosevelt probably cared little whether he was elected or not. He has intimated that his speech as Chairman would not be influenced by the Party Platform, but that "it would hurt if neither the right kind of man were nominated nor the right kind of platform adopted". This, if anything could be, is a declaration of war against the party machine and all that it means. We are therefore clearly in for a very big fight, and it will be seen that Mr. Roosevelt has acted with great astuteness: whatever happens he must increase his reputation and keep the stage.

Ever since he left office events have been working for him, though the situation has been preparing for years. The revolt against the party management is partly the result of genuine disgust at the corrupt methods employed and now stereotyped, and partly of a desire for something new. Neither of the recognised parties stands to-day for anything at all. They have no meaning. The genuine divisions of opinion exist within the parties themselves and are between the Radical and Conservative sections of each. These sections approximate much more nearly to the corresponding divisions in the other party than they do to one another. Therefore if a real Radical leader appeared among the Republicans, we should probably find Radical Democrats voting for him, supposing the chosen Democratic candidate were not Radical enough. But the insurgent or Radical Republicans will no longer support the merely boss-chosen candidate who will be anything rather than a reformer. Yet at present, until we know how things will develop in the Republican party and who the Democratic candidate may be, it is useless to speculate how various sections throughout the Union will vote at the Presidential Elections. The struggle developing in the bosom of the Republican party is quite enough to occupy attention.

Embarrassments in the Republican party have not come singly. This is not the fault of the President;

it is his misfortune that he has come into office when a radical wave was beginning to sweep over the States, but he is clearly not the man either to master it or to ride on the crest. Accustomed to the atmosphere of the bench, comparatively serene even in the States, he resents and dislikes the continual criticism to which every act and speech of a President is exposed. His predecessor welcomed it, for it was all so much advertisement. Mr. Taft has no intention of heading a Reforming party, as he is apparently satisfied with things as they are. Such reform legislation as has recently got through the Legislature is due to fear of the Insurgents, but not to any action of the President that will boom his personal reputation as every step taken was engineered to boom his predecessor's. The Ballinger-Pinchot controversy has been unfortunate for the Republicans. Mr. Pinchot was a nominee of Mr. Roosevelt who brought charges of corruption against Mr. Ballinger, the Secretary of the Interior, and the President dismissed Mr. Pinchot from his post of Chief Forester for insubordination to himself; he could not do otherwise. Mr. Pinchot has entirely failed to substantiate his charges, but he is a wealthy man and an active enemy. He has now been engaged for some time in conducting a vigorous campaign against Mr. Taft's administration, assisted by Mr. Garfield, formerly Secretary for the Interior to President Roosevelt. Charges less easily refuted are brought against Mr. Lorimer, Republican Senator for Illinois, of securing his election by bribery of certain Democratic members of the Illinois Legislature; indeed, these gentlemen have sworn before the District Attorney that they received a thousand dollars apiece for voting for him and as much again for voting for or against Bills at the behest of the party bosses. It is hardly credible that they have accused themselves falsely of the vilest corruption. In every direction, therefore, events are working to justify the revolt of the Insurgents and to embarrass the President and the party machine. Barring accidents or some gross stupidity on their own part, it would appear as if the Democrats must win a great victory in the approaching Congressional Elections. All the recent elections bear this out, for they have for a year gone against the Republicans. Both in Massachusetts and New York States elections have resulted in Democratic victories where no Democrat was ever returned before. In the New York district the Bosses had actually nominated for Republican candidate a man who had been openly charged before a Committee of the Legislature with taking a bribe. His defeat must have been due to a great Republican revolt.

What has taken place in such Republican strongholds may well take place anywhere. In California the Insurgent Republicans have carried their men for the party nominations. This is said to be due to the malign activity of Mr. Pinchot, while in Nebraska they divide the honours with the machine. Meanwhile Mr. Speaker Cannon and the "Old Guard" stand firm and refuse to go, and the influence of the President will not move them. Republican prospects are not brilliant.

This being the condition of affairs, Mr. Roosevelt's game is a very strong one. He will take the lead of the only section of the Republican party that possesses any vitality, and it is clear that in some States it is overpoweringly stronger than the official gang. It is clear, also, that the Insurgents will not vote again for Mr. Taft as President. He has shown himself, unfortunately, as the Addington of the situation, and all the stronger and more independent elements of the party are crying out for the return of the pilot who weathered the storm. With great astuteness Mr. Roosevelt evaded the unconstitutional third term and left the party to find out that he was the necessary man. During his absence he kept himself judiciously advertised by the slaughter of lions and the sermonising of Europe and its rulers. Now he returns like Napoleon from Egypt and is able to say "What have you done with the party I left so strong?" He is, in fact, rapidly becoming again the man of the hour, the one great national figure. If he secures the Republican nomination, beats the Bosses, and becomes

President, he will be a Cæsar in everything but the name, and he will indeed deserve well of the country. He will hardly be thought to deserve less well if he fails. His reputation does not suffer in either event. What Mr. Taft thinks of it all it is not difficult to conjecture. There is said to have been a most amicable interview between himself and Mr. Roosevelt "in which politics were hardly mentioned". This irresistibly reminds one of the famous tête-à-tête luncheon of Lord Rosebery with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman after the Chesterfield speech, only in this case the Insurgent is the man of grit as well as of words. Besides, whatever happens he will be playing the beau rôle, and that counts for something even in American politics.

THE GERMAN MATCH TAX.

THE failure of the German financial proposals of last year has been greeted with much satisfaction by the Free Trade press, eager to prove the breakdown of protective legislation. Especially is it delighted with the result of the match tax. Two points are made: first, that on the evidence of the German match manufacturers themselves the recent change has increased the competitive efficiency of the foreign producer; secondly, that despite a differential duty the home producer has raised his price to the foreign level. The first contention is literally correct, in that the German manufacturer now receives less protection than formerly; the rise in price is due to the operation of purely extraneous causes quite unconnected with Tariff Reform as such.

It must be understood that the famous "blue-black" financial reforms have nothing protective about them. The problem was to raise money. Changes in the general tariff were impossible since that was settled for a term of years by a series of treaties still far from determination. A plan for direct imperial taxation was defeated owing to the opposition of the Federated States to an intrusion on their sovereignty. Recourse was accordingly had to a series of taxes on articles of general consumption, such as are in vogue in this country. Among other items an excise with a corresponding duty was imposed on matches. It amounted to 1½ pfennigs per box, and as a pfennig is less than half a farthing the excise may be described as small. But the box, which contained about sixty matches, had previously been sold for one pfennig, so that we are really dealing with an excise of 150 per cent.

In addition to this tax the foreign producer was saddled with a special duty of 30 marks per 100 kilograms. It is calculated that 100 kilograms would contain from 7400 to 8000 of the boxes of sixty previously sold at one pfennig. The duty would thus be between .375 and .405 pfennigs a box. Now in the old days foreign matches had paid a protective duty varying from .125 to .135 pfennigs a box, and it is worth noting that the "Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten", whose condemnation of the new tax has been cited in the English press, describes the condition of the German match industry under this system of protection as "quite satisfactory". The new protective duty is thus treble the old. But prices have also trebled, and as prime cost of production and freight charges remain the same, the foreigner's margin of profit has been considerably enlarged. That is what the German manufacturer means when he says that the competitive efficiency of the foreigner has been increased. He is complaining that the German industry is less well protected than it used to be.

To this the reply will be made that this is the German manufacturer's own fault. The excise would justify him in raising his price from 1 pfennig to 2½, but he has wantonly raised it to 3 pfennigs. It is true that he could not do anything else as far as single boxes are concerned, as there are no half-pfennig pieces in the German coinage. But he has also partial justification for the rise in a shortage of his wood-supply. In a portion of its article which has been carefully left untranslated by the Free Trade press the

"Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten" dwells on the great falling-off in the supply of match-wood from the German forests. This shortage has of course necessitated importation from a distance, with proportionately increased freight charges.

But the main reason for the addition of the odd half-pfennig to the price lies in the attitude of the public. After the new tax was brought into operation "the demand", to quote again from the "Neueste Nachrichten", "came to an absolute standstill". At the very best the German purchaser could not hope to pay less than two and a half times the old price, and this at a moment when a number of fresh taxes were being imposed on other articles of general consumption. Of all patient asses the German taxpayer is the most patient. It takes much before he will disobey the Government. But on this occasion the Government went too far. It had insisted on carrying a thoroughly unpopular scheme, and the German public made up its mind that the scheme should prove a failure. They boycotted beer until they succeeded in bringing the price down again, and, above all, they boycotted matches. The purchases in the last month before the new general tax was imposed were enormous. Housewives laid in a stock to last for three years. A strong campaign carried on in the Socialist and Radical press helped the movement. Then, when the tax was imposed, the great army of smokers joined in the game. They bought little mechanical cigar-lighters; they even bought specially prepared cigars with a blob of phosphorus at the end; and at all costs they avoided using their precious store of matches. The position of the German manufacturer was precarious in the extreme. The market was glutted; and, what was worse, the accumulated stores were being used up with all possible parsimony. Manufacturers found their output reduced by one-half and even two-thirds—the estimate is again that of the Munich newspaper—and could legitimately speak of the appallingly distressing condition of their industry. In these circumstances, when their old market had practically ceased to exist, it is not to be wondered at that they raised their prices to the foreign level. And that the foreign producer is also hard hit is shown by the decline in imports after October 1909, when the new general tax of 1½ pfennigs a box came into force. It is this overwhelmingly heavy tax—the theory of which, be it noted, is perfectly orthodox—which is at the bottom of the mischief. With no sales and most of his plant idle, no wonder that the German manufacturer sighs for the good old days when he did very well under a protective tariff of 12½ per cent.

THE TEHERAN SQUABBLE.

EVERY summer in Teheran brings a day's street squabbling by which the political future of Persia is decided for a twelvemonth. It is quite an institution, an event that relieves the tedium of those hot months when the foreign Embassies repose on the slopes of the Shimran and the season is slack. In June 1908 Colonel Liakhof and his Persian Cossacks ride out against the revolutionary members of the Mejliss, and after a mean contest in the squares of Teheran the autocracy of the Shah is re-established for a year. In July 1909 more street fighting. This time the consequences are that Mahomed Ali is despatched to the Crimea. The Sipahdar and Sardar Assad, the two victorious generals, become his little son's chief Ministers and heads of a Nationalist Cabinet. Persia is not a penny the worse or the better. In 1910 the event occurred late, in August. There had been a difficulty in composing an opposition; the reactionaries were too modest to venture on the field. Finally one party was led by the Nationalist Ephraim, the Armenian chief of the city police; the other by the Nationalists Baghir and Satar Khans, heroes of the defence of Tabriz. The scene was laid in the Atabeg's park, which had been presented (was it theirs to present?) by a grateful Mejliss to Satar. Having regard to the composition of the sides, the fixture of 1910 should

have been a friendly one. In fact, it was the most skillfully contested of the series, though not the most even or the angriest. Ephraim's management of the Krupp guns was admirable, and such evidence of progress was shown that even the cold and critical military attachés were moved to enthusiasm.

As in 1908 and 1909, sympathy is not compelled to either side. Ephraim, who represented the forces of law and order, was badly wanted by the police in Tiflis at the time that he undertook to reorganise the police in Teheran. He is a Fidai—that is to say, a Caucasian revolutionist, and was brought from the Caspian by the Sipahdar last summer to the capture of Teheran. Teheran under the new régime has been crowded with these fidais or foreign adventurers, some of whom arrived with the Sipahdar from Resht in July 1909, others of whom, having endured the siege of Tabriz, followed Satar Khan to the capital early this summer. A new Cabinet, which lacked the Sipahdar and Sardar Assad, decreed the disarmament of the fidais; and this decree was forcibly carried into effect on Sunday week.

Teheran had long borne with the fidai, and Premier Mustaufi-el-Mamalik is being generally congratulated. Yet his action ought to provoke resentment among the genuine Nationalists. Satar Khan sided with the fidais, and is now a prisoner. Persia's finest hero ought not to be a prisoner. Moreover, it was the fidais whom, with Sardar Assad's Bahktiari, Persia had to thank for her precious Constitution. Who is Mustaufi-el-Mamalik that he should order the fidais to lay down their arms? What has this bourgeois Premier done for the cause? Not the townsfolk, but the adventurers and tribespeople, were the best men in the fight. The most curious fact in the present situation is this: that the chief personages of the Revolution are now under eclipse—Sardar Assad, the Sipahdar, Satar Khan, representing Ispahan, Resht and Tabriz. The Teherani has a grasping nature. He elected more than half the members of the first Mejliss; he did nothing to restore that institution when it was shattered by Liakhof and the Persian Cossacks; now he is again eager to hold the major portion of the spoils. What will Resht, Ispahan and Tabriz have to say?

All the while Russian troops remain posted in Northern Persia. The Russian occupation was a consequence of the civil war, and its most important consequence. It disconcerted the friends of Persian Nationalism in England, who had argued that the success of the cause would bring about a Russian collapse in the Middle East, and might be made an achievement for British diplomacy. To-day Russia's prestige stands higher than ever. Great Britain, on the other hand, has been losing in influence ever since the signing of the Anglo-Russian Agreement. That instrument of peace, as the SATURDAY REVIEW has pointed out, was acquired at the cost of some rather substantial interests in Iran; and Persians no doubt noted that Great Britain had had the worst of a bargain with an old rival. Northern Persia, with the five chief cities of Persia—Teheran, Tabriz, Ispahan, Meshed and Yezd—were recognised as Russia's sphere of interest, whereas Great Britain's claims concerned only the smaller, less populous and less wealthy provinces of the South. Moreover, the agreement in practice has brought no kudos to Great Britain: quite the reverse. Germany now appears to be bidding for her lost popularity: it was the German Embassy which, during the last squabble, assumed the rôle of mediator, not, as in former times, the British. It is true that the Persian Nationalists have made absurd and outrageous demands upon British sympathy in seeking to embroil this country, for their own poor sakes, with Russia. Still they may point out, reasonably enough, that Great Britain's prestige and opportunities are damaged by her recent slackness in Persia, a slackness with which Russia's cautious yet productive activity is very vividly contrasted. It is now stated that Mustaufi-el-Mamalik and his Cabinet hope for the removal of the Russian troops "by consent". We dare to guess that they hope for nothing of the sort. Where would law and order then be and the economy of a free police in Tabriz

and Kasvin? Again, would they have ventured to attack Satar Khan and the fidais—who represent the extreme anti-Russian party—had they not known that Prince Vadbolski and his Persian Cossacks in Teheran, with the Russian Cossacks in Kasvin, not a hundred miles away, were at hand to support Ephraim and the native police at need? Russia's importance is strengthened by all these disturbances. It looks as if Great Britain will soon have to make up her mind upon the value of the Persian influence which she slowly acquired in the nineteenth century, and which she is rapidly losing in this. If it be worth her while, why should she not police her own sphere of interest? By all accounts it is in an even more disturbed condition than Russia's.

THE CITY.

PARADOX rules in the City just now. In almost every direction there seem to be the elements which should make for improving markets: yet the tendency everywhere is to sag. A spurt due to favourable returns either as to traffics or outputs is almost invariably followed by inertia. The holidays account for a good deal; and the disposition to take the smallest profit whenever it shows itself is no doubt directly due to anxiety to have as much hard cash available as possible for vacation purposes. The tendency has been emphasised by the nineteen-day account and the fact that to-day the Stock Exchange will be closed. The conditions are depressing, and most of the brokers and jobbers who remain in London are in a mood which in itself is enough to warn off the average client.

In gilt-edged securities the movements, if few, are the wrong way. Consols are at 80½ and seem inclined to go lower. The Home Railway market refuses to budge, notwithstanding the great improvement in business; there is continual talk of the possibility of labour troubles of which there is really no sign. South Africans are steady, but in normal times such excellent returns as those of the General Mining and Finance Corporation and South African Gold Trust would bring a sharp movement upward. We are told to wait till October. Canadian Pacific passed 200 on the announcement of the improved dividend, but have fallen away steadily to 198. Precisely the same thing has happened in Grand Trunks. In the American market the bears and the political situation have combined to keep prices down; in Wall Street there has been some heavy selling, the worst being staved off by a strenuous rally on the part of certain important houses.

The public is unquestionably nervous, thanks to the over-activity of company promoters in the last few months. A fine example of the way the man who is anxious to get rich quickly is gulled was provided by "the mountain of gold" discovered in British Columbia. Lord Strathcona has just issued an authoritative statement from Ottawa which shows the discovery to be of a very ordinary character. There will be many disappointments at Bitter Creek, which seems well named. Then there is the Malacca report, which comes as a revelation in the rubber market, and is a warning not to place too much trust in interim dividends. The Malacca's interim dividend of 10 per cent. is to be the only distribution for the year. A change in the tapping policy, no doubt a wise one in the ultimate interests of the estates, has seriously reduced the Malacca output, and shares which three months ago were bought at £17 10s. were on offer this week as low as £6 10s. Last week's improvement in the rubber market could not be maintained after the Malacca report, and even the declaration of a 50 per cent. interim dividend by the Consolidated Malay Rubber Estates did nothing to hearten the market.

There are rumours of various new loans. Russia is about to make a new railway issue and Turkey wants to borrow £T.6,000,000. An unusual element has been introduced into international finance by Djavid Bey, the Turkish Finance Minister, in negotiating the loan with France. Djavid Bey, according to the "Times" Paris correspondent, went first to the Ottoman Bank and

proposed that the loan should be taken up without guarantees. He did not think Young Turkey should be called upon to do more than promise to see the bondholders safe. The Ottoman Bank, of course, wanted security. Then Djavid Bey went to the Crédit Mobilier Syndicate. He did not consult the French Government—an extraordinary omission in any case—but arranged the loan unconditionally. France is to find the money, but France will not necessarily benefit in any way. France is a big holder already of Turkish stock, and the prospect is regarded with some misgiving, particularly as it is suggested that the money will go to pay for the ships which Germany has been building for Turkey. The French investor in Turkish stock is not made more comfortable by the knowledge that Germany contributed largely to the increase of the capital of the Crédit Mobilier last year.

INSURANCE.

DEPRECIATION IN CAPITAL VALUES.

THERE are few more effective arguments in favour of life assurance as an investment than the depreciation during recent years in the capital value of many first-class securities. We had occasion to notice recently that certain railway stocks which were bought twelve years ago for £5400 had a market value of £2680 at the present time; they had fallen to less than half the price originally paid for them. For convenience of illustration we will employ round figures, and say that the sum of £1000 invested twelve years ago is only worth £500 at the present time. Assuming the rate of interest to have been 4 per cent. per annum for the twelve years, we see that had the whole of the dividends been applied to maintain the capital value intact they would have been insufficient for the purpose. This last statement is not arithmetically exact, since had the dividends been invested to maintain the capital value they would have earned interest which could have been invested, thus increasing the accumulated amount of the dividends in the twelve years. On the other hand, these new investments might in turn have depreciated in value, and in any case the dividends would have been reduced by income tax.

The general truth of this statement is apparent. Either this sum of £5400 must be regarded as having earned no interest at all during the twelve years, or the investor must be thought of as having in fact spent half his capital during that time. Had the investor used his money as a single premium to buy endowment assurance payable at the end of ten or fifteen years, or at death if previous, he would have been certain of receiving at the end of the endowment period, or that his estate would have received at his death meantime, a much larger sum than was invested as a single premium. Depreciation in capital value would have been impossible. He would have been guaranteed, and would certainly have received, more than he paid. Under a well-chosen with-profit policy the excess of receipts over outlay would have been very substantial; especially if he had chosen a policy which received bonuses annually their cash values would have yielded distinctly appreciable annual dividends, accompanied by quite certain increase in capital value when the policy became a claim. Similar considerations apply equally effectively to periodical investments by means of annual premiums.

It would naturally occur to anyone to argue that the security and profitability of life assurance depend upon the investments of life offices, and that these, no less than the investments of individuals, are liable to depreciation in capital value. This is only partially true. The co-operation which life assurance affords yields valuable results in the way of reducing the financial inequality resulting from the uncertainty of the time of death, and the earning of compound interest, which is not feasible for an individual, is no less conspicuously beneficial in connexion with the investment of money. Apart from the fact that the officials and directors of insurance companies have much experience in the matter of investment, and have the

best advice at their command, they are peculiarly happily placed from an investment point of view because they always have fresh money to invest and are never under the necessity of realising securities at inopportune times. It is advisable, or even essential, to write down securities to their market value at the end of each year or valuation period, but it is not necessary to sell the securities. They may subsequently go up in market price, and can then be realised if it is thought wise to do so. Frequently the same dividend is paid when market prices are low as when they are high, in which case the rate of interest earned is higher in proportion to capital value. Depreciation that is temporary involves no loss to a life office. If there is a permanent depreciation the loss is minimised through realisation being feasible at the least unfavourable time, and as the investments can be spread over a wide and varied field the chances of loss from decrease in market value is reduced to a minimum.

Thus from every point of view the co-operation for investment purposes which life assurance affords is attended by conspicuous advantages. This aspect of the matter deserves the careful consideration of investors who desire to maintain the capital value of their estates intact, which in recent years has not been possible, however great may have been the care with which securities were selected.

ART AND LIFE.*

By LAURENCE BINYON.

ART and Life: it is a fruitful subject, but what barren controversies it has provoked! We are accustomed to the confident assertions of those who maintain that art exists exclusively for its own sake and who rejoice to think that only a chosen few can ever enjoy its creations; on the other hand, we hear the recurring demand that art should weave its bright threads in the common social web, that it should have a definite function in the well-being of nations. The claim of social philosophers, like Plato and Confucius, to control and limit the free activities of art, excluding all manifestations of it which tend to relax and enervate, while setting a special value on such as promote the social virtues of cohesion, is resented by artists themselves, and has never really been accepted by thinking men at large. Yet though Art for Art's sake is an excellent working motto for the producer, since nothing is best done with an ulterior motive as its mainspring, and to be absorbed by the work in hand is oftenest the surest means of affecting and absorbing others, we feel that this is not the whole of the truth. For the world prizes art as one of humanity's most precious possessions: it will not willingly let things of beauty die; therefore it judges art not as it affects the artist but as it affects itself; it looks at the result, and it is justified in seeking for some real and fundamental relation between art and life.

Much vain debate has been expended by writers who persist in concentrating interest on the relation of art to morality. Such discussions often persuade us only that the writers' imperfect and limited conception of morality vitiates their conclusions. Moralities change, as politics change; and when we are told that art should serve the State, we are conscious at once of a discrepancy in the terms; we feel intuitively that art exists, not for a temporary and ever-shifting set of conditions, but for an ideal order. Its relation to life is to the ideal life. Its harmony is not with morality but with religion. And how often have the ecstasies of religion made the social moralist aghast! How often has religion, from the time of Orphic dance and Dionysiac revel down through history, seemed anti-social, immoral, "extiabilis"! The only parallel to the life of the saint, giving all, spending all, transfiguring every act and aspect of existence by an infinite desire for

perfection, the best and utmost he can conceive, the only parallel among human activities is the life of the artist. This is none the less true because the name of artist is so often taken in vain.

As types of men who have conceived of art as an ideal life Mr. Sturge Moore has chosen Flaubert and Blake. Strange conjunction! will be the first thought of many a reader. But Mr. Moore's insight is justified; the parallel is developed in a manner which illuminates the aims of either artist. Both of these men were singular in their absolute devotion to their art. Each possessed an intense visionary faculty, and alike persistently "cultivated imagination to the point of vision", though the use to which this faculty was put was in each case so different. Flaubert's conviction of "the right word" is matched by Blake's dictum: "Ideas cannot be given but in their minutely appropriate words; nor can a design be made without its minutely appropriate execution". Again, Blake asserted, "Without unceasing practice nothing can be done. . . . If you leave off, you are lost", and toiled incessantly just as Flaubert toiled. The highest art, to Flaubert, seemed to be the art which acts after Nature's own fashion and sets one musing. "God is everywhere present in the universe, nowhere visible; so should an author be in his work." Even this "impersonality" has some echo in Blake's saying: "Reasons and opinions concerning acts are not history, acts themselves alone are history. . . . Tell me the acts, O historian, and leave me to reason upon them as I please." "Society was hostile to the excellence and maimed the efforts" of both Englishman and Frenchman. Each realised his own isolation; but while Flaubert cried "The artist has no right to live like other men", Blake proclaimed that "All men should be painters, poets, sculptors, or musicians; for none save artists can be Christians".

Yet when we contemplate the works of these two men, what a different world they seem to breathe in! The divergence would seem far wider were we to accept the popular notion of Flaubert. But this is precisely what Mr. Moore sets out to demolish. He aims at vindicating him for the criticism which would confound him with realists and naturalists. He lets Flaubert speak for himself, and shows him always preoccupied with the idea of beauty, with the "ceaseless search for truth rendered by beauty". "Characters must be worked up to the height of types." "Study of the coat makes us forget the soul." "Who among us without hope of recompense, without personal interests, without expectation of profit, constantly strains to approach God?" "Never fear to be exaggerated; all the very great have been so." Sayings such as these indicate a very different attitude from that of the Flaubert of legend. Many more might be quoted; but here I am not strictly concerned with literary art, and those who are interested should betake themselves to Mr. Moore's pages. Only I cannot help regretting that so much of the book should be devoted to Flaubert's numerous critics and their remarkably contradictory views. It is all very interesting, no doubt, but incessant quotation and comment make this part of the book difficult reading; and Mr. Moore's own style in this volume is difficult enough, though it is never obscure. One pregnant aphorism follows another in the close-packed pages, and each demands reflection. There are enough ideas in the book to furnish forth thrice its number of pages; and one wishes that the author had had more elbow-room, had taken his theme more easily; for the book is full of subtle and at times profound sayings, uttered with authority.

If Blake harmonised art with religion, Flaubert harmonised it with science. But how?

The triumphs of science in the nineteenth century have been reflected in every activity of the modern mind. Few of us are aware to what an extent our conceptions are permeated by the scientific view, mostly very imperfectly apprehended. In the arts we find men so dominated by the spirit of the age that they confound the aims of science with the aims of art. We find Flaubert's passionate conscientiousness absurdly parodied in details, while the animating soul is left out.

* "Art and Life." By T. Sturge Moore. London: Methuen. 1910. 5s. net.

We find would-be artists given over to "purveying correct information". Our stage-managers imagine that if they can provide an actor with a cane or snuff-box that once actually belonged to the man he impersonates, they are showing the conscience of an artist. Yet the scientific spirit can be used in the service of art's proper ends. Among plastic artists Mr. Moore finds only in the sculptor Barye a conception which matches Flaubert's; Barye, who spent infinite pains in measuring every specimen of a tiger that he could meet with, not for mere correctness' sake, but in order that he might discover the proportions of the ideal tiger, the type. Where Flaubert discovered a kinship between art and science was in a scrupulous discipline of the artist, whereby he might avoid the merely accidental and personal, and might preserve freshness in the pursuit of experience, winning better material for his art and a greater range of choice, a sympathy with more varied existences. A reverence for observed facts will take the place of an eager prejudice for what is congenial only. Such scrupulousness, as Mr. Moore says, is even rarer in art than in the social sphere. "When we slight our fellows, revenge or discontent informs us of the fact; but when reason and mental delicacy are flouted, who is sufficiently concerned to take offence?" Whether the reader agrees with the main conclusions or not, here is a book with much matter to "set us musing".

IMPROMPTU.

By LORD DUNSANY.

THE GIANT POPPY.

I DREAMT that I went back to the hills I knew, whence on a clear day you can see the walls of Ilioupolis and the plains of Roncevalles. There used to be woods along the tops of those hills with clearings in them where the moonlight fell, and there, when no one watched, the fairies danced.

But there were no woods when I went back, no fairies nor distant glimpse of Ilioupolis or plains of Roncevalles, only one giant poppy waved in the wind, and as it waved it hummed "Remember not". And by its oak-like stem a poet sat, dressed like a shepherd and playing an ancient tune softly upon a pipe. I asked him if the fairies had passed that way or anything olden.

He said: "The poppy has grown apace and is killing gods and fairies. Its fumes are suffocating the world, and its roots drain it of its beautiful strength". And I asked him why he sat on the hills I knew, playing an olden tune.

And he answered: "Because the tune is bad for the poppy, which would otherwise grow more swiftly; and because if the brotherhood of which I am one were to cease to pipe on the hills men would stray over the world and be lost or come to terrible ends. We think we have saved Agamemnon".

Then he fell to piping again that olden tune while the wind among the poppy's sleepy petals murmured "Remember not. Remember not".

CHARON.

Charon leaned forward and rowed. All things were one with his weariness.

It was not with him a matter of years or of centuries but of wide floods of time, and an old heaviness and a pain in the arms that had become for him part of the scheme that the gods had made and was of a piece with Eternity.

If the gods had even sent him a contrary wind it would have divided all time in his memory into two equal slabs.

So grey were all things always where he was that if any radiance lingered a moment among the dead, on the face of such a queen perhaps as Cleopatra, his eyes could not have perceived it.

It was strange that the dead nowadays were coming

in such numbers. They were coming in thousands where they used to come in fifties.

It was neither Charon's duty nor his wont to ponder in his grey soul why these things might be. Charon leaned forward and rowed.

Then no one came for awhile. It was not usual for the gods to send no one down from Earth for such a space. But the gods knew best.

Then one man came alone. And the little shade sat shivering on a lonely bench and the great boat pushed off. Only one passenger; the gods knew best. And great and weary Charon rowed on and on beside the little, silent, shivering ghost.

And the sound of the river was like a mighty sigh that Grief in the beginning had sighed among her sisters, and that could not die like the echoes of human sorrow failing on earthly hills, and was as old as Time and the pain in Charon's arms.

Then the boat from the slow, grey river loomed up to the coast of Dis, and the little, silent shade still shivering stepped ashore, and Charon turned the boat to go wearily back to the world. Then the little shadow spoke, that had been a man.

"I am the last", he said.

No one had ever made Charon smile before, no one before had ever made him weep.

FAME.

Fame as she walked at evening in a city saw the painted face of Notoriety flaunting beneath a gas-lamp, and many kneeled unto her in the dirt of the road.

"Who are you?" Fame said to her.

"I am Fame", said Notoriety.

Then Fame stole softly away so that no one knew she had gone.

And Notoriety presently went forth and all her worshippers rose and followed after, and she led them, as was most meet, to her native Pit.

GENIUS LOCI.

A PROMONTORY overtops the dim

Expanse, and all about its abrupt rim
The bright winds bear no tumult to and fro
Of birds, but between pools of gleaming snow
The blue-eyed squills and crocus coloured deep
And wind-flowers dance and reel, upon the steep
White as the matted locks of mountain sheep
And yet unmoistened by the breath of spring.

About the aery crown, the dry airs sing
Among the dwarfish beeches, from the earth
Uplifting with immeasurable mirth
A fellowship of red leaves, a light rout
That chase their unabiding shades about
On their own secret errands. The clouds float
Over the snowy-fissured peaks remote,—
A wave-tossed sea of vale and mountain-head
Blue as the ocean many-faceted,
But untempestuous. Below is spread
Beneath a hollow sky, the bloomy plain,
The faint white cobweb of the roads, the stain
Of towered villages, withdrawn, though clear,
As some bright film upon a crystal sphere,
The intertangled lines of streams, and sheer
Turret, and oliveyard, and viny hill,
And valley with its thousand tongues all still,
Like some fine exhalation. Here is none
To cast a shadow on the windy space
Besides the prism-tinted snows and dun
And sapless thistles glancing in the sun,
But on the unviolated headland, one
Pillar, to the unseen genius of the place.

M. JOURDAIN.

THE EMBARRASSMENT OF CONVERTS.

THERE is a type of propagandist whose whole soul is set upon making converts. He is so convinced that his doctrines are necessary to the world that he presses them upon men even when their acceptance means inconvenience and suffering. He is the man who would have exhorted his fellow-citizens to make open profession of monarchical principles under the Terror, or to publish a justification of regicide about the time of the Restoration, or to announce sympathy with the Boers to a group of Mafeking demonstrators. To do him justice he will not spare himself; but neither will he spare the world. In a recondite sense of the famous epigram he has the courage of the opinions of others. Therefore he is a man whom most people admire and desire to keep at a distance.

At the opposite extreme to this amiable firebrand is the philosopher who desires nothing better than to keep his ideas to himself, and who believes that a doctrine loses in value in proportion as it becomes common property. Sojourners on the icy heights of metaphysics may be conceived as hugging, say, the idea of the Absolute, and rather pleased that the general public will have none of it. Isolation is for them distinction. Midway between the restless propagandist and the contented philosopher is that tolerably large class of people who have doctrines to preach and a public which they conceive would be benefited by their preaching, but who continually find themselves in a difficulty as to what they shall do with the converts they make. It is no doubt mortifying to know that one's words have been thrown away altogether; but what if they have had exactly the effect they were framed to produce? The situation is fertile in embarrassments.

Every propagandist of the lukewarm kind is bound to have occasional visitings of compunction at the result of his work. You have done your best to inspire an adult class with interest in great English literature. Have you no searchings of heart when you see them bending solemn brows over "Hamlet", knowing that they would be perfectly happy with "The Sorrows of Satan"? You have turned a whole village into the ways of temperance. In the small merriment of the tea-meeting over which you preside, do you not sometimes remember with a touch of regret the more robust jollity evoked by a pot of beer in an informal meeting in an ale-house?

And the converts themselves. They are undoubtedly yours, they bear the imprint of your teaching, and no one except you has influenced them. But are they certainly converts at all. That opinion just expressed, for instance, that Browning can hardly be said to have written in English was undoubtedly first enunciated by you in the literary circle: but— They again you originated the remark that since the unearned increment was taken from the earnings of the people those who enjoyed it were no better than pickpockets: yet to hear this repeated by a Hyde Park orator— For some occult reason there is nothing more exasperating than to have one's own elaborated criticisms returned to one from the mouth of a pupil. Perhaps we hold that we have a patent in our own mental processes: or perhaps we think that a proposition delivered in the same language in which it was received cannot have been assimilated. However that may be, the convert has a parrot-like habit of repetition which irritates beyond measure.

Not so bad, and yet sufficiently trying, are the errors of the convert. After all, you have trained him, and you must accept the responsibility of his mistakes. The creature is so willing and so anxious to please, and so proud of his attainments, that flesh and blood cannot bear to be continually putting him right when he falls into error. He has a mute reproachfulness when he is rebuked which would disarm even a schoolmaster. Yet if he takes to propaganda in his turn he may spread the most pestilent heresies in your name. You observe that he is radiant over a notion which on investigation turns out to be a misapprehension of some too subtle proposition of your own. You may, for instance, have induced him to sign the pledge, and he directs against tobacco

all the arguments that you have used against beer, not being capable of appreciating the difference between the effects of smoking and drinking, and probably not knowing that you smoke yourself. On the other hand you may discover that he believes in the same circumstances that the pledge is not binding on Boxing Day, Bank Holidays, and other festivities. Or despite lengthy lessons in Socialist principles he may be found openly glorifying in the conviction that Socialism means a general division of the goods of the rich. Openly to interfere with these various delusions seems cruel, but to pass them in silence is almost treason.

Embarrassing likewise is the zeal of the convert. He has not that sense of what is possible which many disillusioners have made almost an instinct in the old campaigner. He is inclined to interpret platform professions too literally. He would offer a tract to the Archbishop of Canterbury or a lesson in political economy to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he would preach teetotalism to a publican and vegetarianism to a butcher. Converted to-day, he aspires to speak at religious meetings to-morrow. He is without what may be called a sense of atmosphere. Joining the Social Democratic Federation, he believes that the next Fabian whom he meets will hail him as a brother and invite him to dinner. And it is a hard thing for you who have opened his eyes to the truth to repress this too exuberant vitality, to impart notions of perspective to this untrained eye. It must be done, of course, but his faith in you may not survive the operation.

Worst of all there is the responsibility for the convert. It is comparatively easy to make converts; the difficulty is to keep them in a state of grace. It is useless to disclaim responsibility. They are your spiritual children, and they have much the same claim on you as your children after the flesh. A Covent Garden porter was heard to deliver this ultimatum to his wife—"Get me some tea or I'll go and get drunk". And this is the cry to the propagandist of those whom he has brought to renounce beer, literal or figurative: *he* is expected to supply the tea. There are men who unsuspectingly started temperance entertainments as counter attractions to the ale-house, and who find themselves condemned week after week to give funny recitations and sing comic songs to the infinite boredom of themselves and their audiences. If you induce men to give up "Tit-Bits" and "Answers" for Shelley, you must be prepared to find other serious literature for them when Shelley is exhausted, otherwise they will revert to "Tit-Bits" and "Answers". Whether you have led your followers into Tariff Reform, Socialism, Vegetarianism, or anti-vivisection, you will be expected to have an answer for all difficulties that the adversary may suggest, so that in addition to the personal doubts which may at times assail the most convinced adherent you must suppress, honestly or dishonestly, the doubts of a score of others. We leave out of account the discomfort that the lukewarm propagandist, unlike his fiery brother, must feel if his convert has really to suffer by reason of his new faith.

THE REVELATIONS OF OUR PARISH REGISTERS.*

THE reader who has the good fortune to dip into Dr. Cox' book, or the much shorter and perhaps rather brighter volume which Mr. Chester Waters gave us a generation ago, or even the "Chronicon Mirabile" of 1841, will stand amazed at the mine of information and amusement which lies hid in the musty, smelly and often dilapidated and disregarded pages of our Parish Registers. Nor will he be long in discovering that, quite apart from the freaks and oddities which enliven the older records, the bare lists of names, the serried rows of Baptisms, Marriages and Burials, whether of the rude forefathers of the hamlet or the conscript fathers of the city, have their tale to tell us,

* "The Parish Registers of England." By J. Charles Cox LL.D., F.S.A. London: Methuen. 1910.

if we will only read between the lines. We may say, indeed, that whilst the quaintness—sometimes the coarseness—of the period is "thick laid" upon the page "as varnish on the harlot's cheek", the rest is by no means "thin sown with aught of profit or delight".

We need say little here as to the "origins" of these archives; Dr. Cox gives a full account, except that he has omitted to notice that their first father was Cardinal Ximenes, who ordained (in 1497) that in his diocese of Toledo lists should be kept of those baptised *and of their sponsors*—this was to prevent marriages between the two. In England, however, they are practically coeval with the Reformation, for it was on 29 September 1538, when Thomas Cromwell was Vicar-General, that registration was made compulsory, and in that year or the next over eight hundred of our registers made a beginning: not until 1560, however, did it become general; our suspicious forbears saw in it the threat of a new tax. At first the entries were on paper—that is why so many have perished—but in 1598 every parish was required to provide a parchment book into which the paper records were to be copied, and the minister and wardens were to certify (they seldom did so: *quis custodiet etc.*?) by their signatures at the foot of each page to the correctness of the transcript; the copy was sometimes made by the vicar, sometimes by a "scoller" or "scoolemaster"; we are sometimes told how much the "velim" and the copying cost. But the "curate" as often as not was an indifferent custodian of these treasures; in one case no entry was made during thirty-five years—gaps of five years or so are not at all uncommon; at S. Peter's, Dorchester, fifty-two burials, the harvest of one year, were never entered because death had claimed "the old clerk who had the notes"; at S. Ewe, Cornwall, the rector declined (in 1667) to set down anything as the parishioners had refused to give him five shillings for his trouble. Till the Commonwealth most of the entries were in Latin, though one Kilbie, a Derby "minister", shrewdly observed (in 1610) "I see no reason why a Register for English people should be written in Latin"; all the same, it was kept in Latin for some time afterwards: at Gulval, near Penzance, this dead tongue appears as late as 1712.

The character, the theological views, or even the spleen of the scribe emerges from time to time. Hence the prayers for the dead found here and there, especially in such paper books as have survived—they were not always perpetuated in the parchment copy. At Staplehurst, Kent, for example, in 1543 "there was buried John Turner, whose sowle Jesu pardon. Amen". At S. Oswald's, Durham, in 1580 there is a dig at Popery: elsewhere the Anabaptists and Quakers come in for a sneer; we read, alas! how their bodies were "hurled into the grave". And at the Restoration, when the parish archives were restored—which did not always happen—by the civil registrar appointed under the Commonwealth to the care of the parson, the latter's first care was often to make uncomplimentary remarks about this same civil substitute or the usurper under whom he had served—one of them speaks roundly, for example, of "that monstre of nature and bloudie tyrant, Oliver Cromwell". Not a few of the entries are almost scandalous, as when in 1752 a bride and bridegroom of Shillingstone, in Dorset, are frankly described as "a whore and a rogue", or when we read of a girl who died at Hart (in 1643) "being with child to her unkle's prentis". In 1696 of Henry Watson, who died at Kyloe, it is calmly stated that he "was so great a fool that he never could put on his own close nor ever went a quarter of a mile off ye house". Isbell Elliner, again, is handed down to posterity as "an olde, lame, impident [impotent?] woman". And it seems hardly respectful to label Mrs. Longworth, who was buried at Durham in 1779, as an "old virgin", or to add to the notice of Lawyer Wright's burial "Woe unto you, ye lawyers", etc. But *autres temps autres mœurs*. These humours of the registers, indeed, would fill a volume by themselves, and we can barely glance at them as we pass along.

For it is in the bald lists, among the *nominum*

umbras, that the real revelations are to be found. For one thing, the baptisms are a guide—our only sure guide—to the population of the parishes at different periods; so are the burials to the cruel epidemics which every few years wasted the parson's flock. Baptisms, however, bear their witness to other things than numbers: they tell, for example, of the morality (or the reverse) of the people; if a child was illegitimate the register remorselessly called a spade a spade. Here is a choice entry in the S. Austell book in 1705: "Edward, the base child of Mary Varcoe, a notorious, impudent, brazen-faced whore"—and it is in the vicar's own hand. The number of weddings per annum, again, is also some index to the prosperity of the district, for no doubt they varied then, as they do now, with our exports and imports. It is the burial records, however, that tell us most about the conditions of their time: it is a lurid light that they throw upon our history. Take the parish of S. Austell for example: in 1564 there were but ten deaths, the normal number; the next year there were five times as many; in 1588 eight times; in 1600 they dropped to nine. And it was like this all over the land—unless it was worse. That these figures spell microbes is clear from the numbers, amongst other things, of the same family who perished: in 1565 five Daddows and four Crebbys were buried within a fortnight. Many of the registers ring with accounts of the plague or the "sweatte", or "new acquaintance" as it was called: a "p" in the margin points to the plague, "S. P." to the small-pox. And where we have no such hint we can often conjecture with reasonable certainty the cause of death. For instance, in 1565 out of fifty-one funerals only four were those of married women—the word "uxor" shows it; in 1572 five wives died in April and but one in the rest of the year, whereas in 1571 twenty wives were buried. And that much of this mortality was due to puerperal fever appears from the frequent deaths of mother and child together.

But let us turn from these pathetic entries to such a mere curiosity (the revelations are multiform) as the names—Christian names—of the people. It is doubtful whether any Englishman had a double name before the sixteenth century. "In the long list of the Deans of Westminster Dean Stanley found only one predecessor who had two Christian names": only two Bishops of London have had two. And the one name which our fathers bore was generally of the homeliest stamp; the Puritans, as is well known, preferred Ananias and Sapphira to Robert and Rowena. The predominance of "John" is very marked: it is the name of the beloved disciple. Of the thirteen vicars of Wenhamston between 1365 and 1475 ten were Johns. Of the fourteen bridegrooms registered at S. Austell in 1564 seven were Johns and four Williams. The spelling, again, compels attention: it is often excruciating; as long as they got the sound it was all the same to the registrars. We find the same name under three different forms in one line; the name of "Cecil" has been spelled in a score of ways. The "Smythes" must not therefore carry themselves loftily towards the common or garden "Smiths", for they have only ignorance or indifference to thank for the distinction. I spoke of our Parish Registers as a "mine" of information; here is a vein which has hardly been tapped as yet. Dr. Cox barely touches it; but he has given us, all the same, a volume of singular interest, if not quite as animated and enchaining as it might have been.

WHITE VARIETIES OF BRITISH PLANTS.

By JOHN VAUGHAN, CANON OF WINCHESTER.

THERE is a strange fascination associated with the discovery of white blossoms of flowers usually coloured. Sometimes, as with white heather, an accession of good fortune is commonly supposed to attend it. But, apart from the superstitions of the vulgar, the interest among botanists and lovers of our native flora in finding a white specimen of a blue or purple flower is well known. It is specially noticeable in the writings of the old herbalists, who, after the

manner of their age, are always on the look-out for freaks and anomalies. Not infrequently indeed they treat as distinct species the white varieties of such plants as the sweet-scented violet and the nettle-leaved bell-flower. Thus, John Gerard, speaking of the white "hather", says: "There is another kinde that differeth not from the precedent, saving that this plant bringeth forth floures as white as snow, wherein consisteth the difference: wherefore we may call it Dwarfe Heath with white floures", and he mentions that this species "groweth upon the downes neere unto Gravesend". Writing on *prunella* or self-heal, a purple-flowered labiate, common in our pastures and on wayside wastes in summer-time, and formerly much used in village medicine, Gerard gives a separate woodcut of the white-flowering variety, and adds "I have found some plants of this kinde in Essex neere unto Heningham Castle".

A moment's reflection will remind us that these white specimens of flowers are usually of plants whose floral colouring is blue or red, and seldom or never yellow. Who, for instance, ever found a white variety of buttercup or wild daffodil or St. John's wort? Among the thousands of celandines that star our hedge-banks in early spring a white specimen is unknown. Later on the kingcups will be golden in the swampy meadows, and the iris or yellow flag will put forth its blossoms on the banks of the river; but you will search in vain for a white specimen. The coarse yellow compositæ, the ragworts and hawkweeds, which add such brilliancy to our hedgerows in late summer and autumn, never indulge in such vagaries as to assume a white habit. And the reason is not far to seek, if we accept the theory of our masters. The earliest petals, it seems, were flattened stamens, and since stamens are mostly yellow the flowers were yellow likewise. Then some of them became white; after that, in the course of ages, a few of them grew to be red or purple; and finally a comparatively small number acquired various shades of lilac, mauve, violet, or blue. So wrote Grant Allen in his interesting book on the colours of flowers. But, as he points out, plants, like men, sometimes show a tendency to fall back to a lower stage of development. This tendency, when it affects only a few individuals, may be spoken of as reversion or relapse. Now primary yellow flowers, like the buttercups and potentillas, show little or no tendency in a state of nature to vary in colour, for the simple reason that they have never passed through any earlier stage to which they can relapse. White flowers, again, seldom vary, though now and again there is a tendency to revert to the earlier stage of yellow. Thus the wild radish, which has normally a white or pale lilac flower, will sometimes be found on the seashore with yellow petals; and not long since there was sent me from the neighbourhood of Winchester a specimen of the wild privet with distinctly yellow flowers.

In some instances it would seem that the colour of a species has not yet had time to fix itself. A striking example is the beautiful little milkwort, so abundant on some of our chalk downs. White, pink and blue flowers seem almost equally common. Here pink may fairly be regarded as the normal hue, while the white is doubtless due to reversion and the blue to progressive modification. The same explanation will probably do for the wild columbine. The old botanist, Robert Turner, records having found "both the white and the purple growing wilde in our meadows in Hampshire, in a place called Gassen mead in Holshot", and I have frequently found blue specimens near Petersfield. The wild larkspur is another illustration, and the flowers vary between pink and white and blue.

It is seldom, however, that we find any species of wildflower habitually producing this range of colour. Usually in a wild state the reversion is simply to white. I have already alluded to white heather, and indeed all the purple heaths show a like tendency. The same is true of the beautiful pink musk-mallow, not uncommon along our Hampshire hedgerows, and of the soapwort, a rare and handsome species. All the geraniums occasionally produce white or very pale flowers, and with the common stork's-bill the tendency is quite

marked. White specimens of the purple knapweed are not infrequently met with, and also of spear-thistle and of the common centaury. The handsome red spur-valerian has contracted a like habit, and a botanist of the eighteenth century noticed some noble plants with white flowers on the venerable walls of Winchester Cathedral. Till within the last few years this variety maintained its position on the south transept; now, while the normal red blossoms are conspicuous, the white-flowering plants have disappeared. It used also to flourish on the old walls of Yarmouth Castle, in the Isle of Wight.

It is, however, strange as it may seem, with the more highly developed blue flowers that this reversion to white is mostly seen. A notable instance is the sweet-smelling violet, where in some districts, as in the neighbourhood of Plymouth and in the Isle of Wight, the white variety is the prevailing form. In spring-time, when the woods are carpeted with the wild hyacinth or bluebell, it is nothing uncommon to find a few plants with white flowers. In turning over the sheets of my herbarium I noticed quite a large number of white specimens of blue-flowering species. Among them may be mentioned the hairbell, the nettle-leaved bell-flower, the clustered bell-flower, the wild scabious, the viper's bugloss, and the autumnal gentian. The round-headed rampion, a choice and striking species with deep-blue flowers, sometimes adopts the same habit. It is rare in Hampshire, but it grows in several places on the downs and on Old Winchester Hill, above the Meon Valley, where a white specimen may occasionally be found.

It is still more curious that this habit of relapse should be found among the British orchids, the most highly developed of our entomophilous plants. There is much in connexion with this fascinating order that is obscure, including the strange colouring of some of the species. Why, for instance, should the twablad, abundant in our Hampshire woods, and the frog-orchis, common on the downs about Winchester, have deliberately adopted, as their normal colouring, a green or yellowish-green? But, not to enter upon the wide subject of degeneration, the tendency of individual plants of several species to relapse in colour to white blossoms is well recognised among botanists. White specimens of the purple meadow-orchis and of the sweet-scented orchis are found every year. On the down of the Isle of Wight where the very rare green-man orchis (*Aceras anthropophora*, Br.) grows, I found this season many pure white specimens of the spotted orchis. The early purple orchis and the pyramidal orchis both show the same tendency. But more interesting is the case of the bee-orchis. In an old list of Hampshire plants, made in the eighteenth century, the compiler, who afterwards became Dean of Winchester, specially mentions a down near Petersfield where white specimens were to be found. A fine plate represents the strange variety, and a note is added to the effect that the plant is "a new one not found in any other work". More than a hundred years later it so happened that I became vicar of the parish in which the locality in question is situated; and one day towards the end of June I climbed with eager steps the steep ascent, wondering whether the white bee-orchis still maintained its old position. The down was indeed a rich one as regards its flora. The fragrant orchis—very fine specimens, some too with white flowers—was abundant, and there were hundreds of plants of the scarce and delicate musk-orchis, the flowers of which smell like sandal-wood. The bee-orchis too was plentiful, and before long I came across the object of my search. There was the variety *albida*, conspicuous with its pure white sepals among its more gaily coloured companions, and growing, not in isolation, but distributed in fair numbers over the slope. Indeed, the strange and rare variety gave a distinct character to the down, already distinguished as the home of the white *Gymnadenia* and the fragrant musk-orchis. Every summer I visited the little colony of plants, and once or twice since I have left the district I have returned at the right season to see my old parishioners on the windswept down.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD SPENCER AND THE NAVY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hartford Bridge, Winchfield, 17 August 1910.

SIR,—In the various notices which have appeared of Lord Spencer the question as to what share he took personally in the introduction of what was known as "The Spencer Programme" when he was First Lord of the Admiralty has been raised.

On this point I think I can speak at first hand, or at any rate in the words used to me by Lord Spencer himself, not once, but on several occasions. It was my good fortune and very great privilege to know Lord Spencer during the latter part of his life, and I can only say that he repeatedly, notably when the question arose of our keeping ahead of our foreign rivals in the matter of shipbuilding, expressed himself to me in no uncertain terms on this subject. He repeatedly told me that, when he was First Lord, he was determined, whatever else might happen, to maintain the supremacy of our Navy against all combinations, and that when serious trouble arose between him and Mr. Gladstone and the Chancellor of the Exchequer on this point he had insisted on the necessary additions to our shipbuilding programme being made; for, he added, "I knew I was right then, and I know I was right now". These were his words.

Only so late as last year, when he was at Algeçiras, I had the happiness to see much of him, and we often rode together. At such times his conversation was peculiarly delightful, and his old reminiscences of his hunting days, especially with the Pytchley and in Ireland, most vivid. At times he touched on the terrible days in Ireland and the Invincible conspiracy, but he never, curiously enough, alluded to Home Rule.

One evening we were riding along the Spanish shore when a squadron of our warships were steaming majestically into the Bay. It was a fine exhibition of our naval power as our splendid ships moved in perfect order to their moorings below the shadow of the famous old Rock. He watched them for a time, and then said: "Yes; I was determined that our Navy should be kept up. . . . Gladstone did not agree with me. . . . Harcourt was very angry. . . . but I insisted on it. . . . for I knew it was the right thing to do. . . . it was absolutely necessary. . . . I am very thankful I did it."

Your obedient servant,
WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

WAR AND STEEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 August 1910.

SIR,—Seldom has prophecy been more completely and promptly fulfilled than yours in the review of Bernhardi's "Cavalry in Peace and War" (SATURDAY REVIEW, 30 July 1910). In the "Times" of 4 August (page 5), writing from Pond Farm Camp (3 August), the correspondent with the London Mounted Brigade during the Territorial manœuvres describes as actually happening exactly what you predicted:

"At the critical moment Lieutenant-Colonel Sandeman galloped forward with his squadrons on the defenders' left just as he was attempting to face the attack which had penetrated his right. Then occurred a scene which was indeed an object-lesson in the mistake of depriving any of the mounted troops of the arme blanche. The King's Horse galloped up to within a hundred yards of the retreating Roughriders, whose horses were being brought forward to meet them. Had the assailants been armed with swords, the dismounted defenders and the helpless crowd of led horses would have been at their mercy to exterminate or capture. Having no steel weapon, they had nothing to do but dismount and fire. Before the new line was formed, however, the defenders were up and off. A ragged fire pursued their open files across the downs, but it would probably not have injured any of

the swiftly retreating Roughriders, whose action in mounting and scattering in retreat was excellent."

You are no doubt aware that the French War Office has just issued to several cavalry regiments a new sword on trial, with a revolver or bent hilt—stated to be longer and lighter than the old pattern sabre now in use. Also the German War Office has decided to retain the lance at all costs. The carbine—a new pattern—has been placed on the near side of the horse, which leaves the off or right side of the rider free for the lance. The English Yeomanry have no sword at all.

Yours truly, EXPERT.

NATIONAL SERVICE AND CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 West Park Gardens, Kew, 13 August 1910.

SIR,—My regret that Colonel Stockley does not understand my letter of the 30th ult. is outweighed by the satisfaction that you, Sir, did understand it.

Colonel Stockley tells us that the scheme of the National Service League is universal compulsory home service, which is merely a reproduction of the scheme debated for three days in the Royal United Service Institution in 1875, robbed of the immense advantage that the conscript home army (by this proposal) could be sent abroad to help the foreign voluntary army in any national crisis. The suggestion that the home army should stand at ease and look calmly on while the foreign army is being defeated and destroyed is too childish for discussion.

I do not know why the N.S. League made this disastrous restriction in the proposal of 1875, nor why they changed the meaning of the word "conscription" and then denounced their pseudo-conscription; but I do know that great national questions are not to be solved by verbal quibbles or by bidding for a momentary popularity.

H. W. L. HIME.

EGYPTIAN COPTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Colonial Institute, 8 August 1910.

SIR,—The Rev. A. B. Sayce's letter published in your issue of last Saturday contains little matter for controversy, and I should not have troubled you further on the subjects about which I have lately written were it not for what I deem two misstatements calculated to produce a wrong and injurious impression with regard to the British protectorate in Egypt. I understand Mr. Sayce to say that previous to our occupation the Copts acquired and held important positions, and in fact were a power in the State, but that they have been deprived of these by us to make room for others—presumably British and Mohammedans. The latter allegation I believe to be quite without foundation; we may possibly have dismissed officials for cause, but the cases of the late Butros Pacha and the present Alexandrian postmaster, cited by Mr. Sayce, disprove any bias against native Christians; and, as for the former, the facts are that Copts, under Mohammedan rule, hardly ever attained a position superior to that of maalim, or clerks, and, like the scribes we read of elsewhere, possessed no authority whatever. For information respecting their condition in the time of Mohamet Ali, and the estimation in which they were held at this period, I would refer persons interested in the subject to Lane's "Modern Egyptians", Vol. II. p. 295. Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from Egypt", written about twenty years later than Lane's residence, may also be consulted (pages 107, 158, 167 etc.).

W. J. GARNETT.

HEROES OF THE CRIPPEN AFFAIR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 August 1910.

SIR,—All your readers will agree with Mr. Filson Young's excellent article in the SATURDAY REVIEW. But surely Mr. Young makes one error. He writes as

though the "Daily Mail" were the only paper to publish messages from that remarkably unsailorlike sailor, the money-seeking skipper of the "Montrose". Certainly, the "Daily Mail" said so; but truth and the "Daily Mail" do not always see eye to eye. The comic relief to the whole squalid and sordid enterprise of the skipper was the number of papers which published "special" or "exclusive" accounts of the doings of his victims.

You will have observed that the skipper in question is not the only hero of this farcically "dramatic" arrest. A Scotland Yard plain-clothes policeman or detective, one Inspector Dew, suspected Crippen of murdering his wife. The wife is not yet known to be dead, by the bye. Dew interviewed Crippen—and then gave him plenty of time to get away. Had Crippen been a little more astute he might have got clean away and never have been heard of again. But he made a mistake. The skipper of the "Montrose" discovered him and informed the sapient policeman at Scotland Yard. Instead of sending an office-boy to Canada, Mr. Dew must needs play the hero of a bad detective story. He went himself. He had no power to arrest anyone and arrested no one: as yet Crippen and le Neve are not in his charge. But in the view of the daily press he has behaved in a manner at once astute and heroic; and he will doubtless return smothered in glory. But English taxpayers are entitled to ask three questions: (1) How Mr. Dew came to let Crippen bolt, as he would not have been allowed to bolt had he been suspected of stealing a five-shilling watch; (2) how Mr. Dew enjoyed his pleasant sea-trip and his tourist-excursion to Niagara; and (3) what Mr. Dew's little outing has cost this country?

X. Y. Z.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 Grosvenor Road, Westminster,
10 August 1910.

SIR,—The nation is spending huge sums of money in teaching the children of the proletariat the arts and sciences. Master William and Miss Maud of "Keir Hardie Mansions" (erected by the grateful ratepayers) are having their little heads crammed with "harmony and counterpoint", "comparative anatomy", and the "higher mathematics"—not to mention incursions into "political economy"—the better to fit them for the battle of life, especially the aforesaid Miss Maud, who in due course hopes to qualify herself for the vote, and incidentally for an intellectual, by blossoming out into a full-blown hooliganette of the stone-throwing policeman-kicking species peculiar to this country.

The ears of our educationalists, ever on the alert for the "voice of the people", are singularly deaf to that vocal organ in the literal sense when employed in giving utterance to our matchless English language. So far as the correct pronunciation and delivery of their mother tongue are concerned, the children of the lower and lower-middle classes might be speaking Hottentot or Papuan, so hideous is the jargon in which they express themselves. The poor little creatures are not really to blame, seeing that their mentors are not called upon to remedy the evil in their midst. As I pass daily to my office, through the poorer quarters of Westminster, situated in perhaps the richest parish in Great Britain, and certainly rich in State schools, my ears are offended by the barbarous pronunciation and vocal inflections of the little products of our costly and much-vaunted educational system. Here is an example of a verbatim conversation (written phonetically) which I overheard this afternoon within a stone's throw of the "House of Eloquence":

First Juvenile: "'Ullo, Bert! your farver's airt o' work agine. 'E's lorst that pinter's job."

Second Juvenile: "'Garn! wotovit? Muvver don't care, she's sent 'im rainrd wiv the 'and barrer!'"

Shade of Shakespeare! Can nothing be done to remedy this state of things? We live in democratic days, with still more democratic days before us. Who

knows, therefore, but that one of these identical little clippers of the King's English may in the fulness of time be called upon as a "voice of the people" to address the House that has resounded with the eloquence of Disraeli and Gladstone? What a "voice"! What a "people"! if there be any truth in the saying that "the boy is father to the man".

We hear a great deal nowadays about "art for the million" and the "elevation of the masses". The nation provides picture galleries where the British workman and his "missis" and "kids" may feast their eyes on old masters at £40,000 apiece; free libraries where English in its purest and grandest form may be read by the humblest artisan or day labourer—but cui bono? What shall it profit them if the very people before whom these good things are spread remain so callous to all considerations of national pride and obligations to the country as to suffer their progeny to degrade their mother tongue to the level of the clicks and gutturals of Hottentots and the dwarfs of the Ituri Forest?

Apart from these linguistic shortcomings, how many of our "children of the State", whose mental equipment is acquired at great cost to the public exchequer, can even express themselves grammatically in writing? Let those who consider that I have overstated my case ask any City employer of clerical labour what he thinks of the finished product of our County Council schools.

It is time, and more than time, that a national propaganda were started to instil into the hearts and minds of parents and children alike a due sense of the potentialities of the English language and a desire to maintain it in all its purity, both in the written and spoken word, as a factor in the moral and social advancement of the British race—for, after all, the pedigree of a nation is its language. No effort or expense should be spared to set free the "children of the State" from the reproach so often levelled at them, through no fault of their own, that they are as much strangers to the King's English as the strangers within our gates.

HERMANN ERSKINE.

THE MISSION TO HOP-PICKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Teston Rectory, Maidstone, 11 August 1910.

SIR,—Fifty thousand or more immigrant hop-pickers—for the most part Londoners, and pretty well of all trades—come into the villages of hop-growing districts each year to gather the hop harvest, and it is impossible for local agencies to deal with them without help from outside. This Mission endeavours to supply that help, and last season we were instrumental in sending over one hundred and fifty workers—embracing clergy, evangelists, trained nurses, and lady workers—to carry on social and spiritual work in thirty parishes among our visitors.

Our hospitals, dispensaries, and tents are a great boon to the people, especially to the children, large numbers of whom accompany their parents. Marquees and tents are hired and used for services and club work in the evenings, and a very valuable work is done also with coffee stalls and barrows; and open-air lantern services attract large numbers of people. Magistrates, police, hop-growers, and residents readily testify to the value of our work; but it costs money, and although many of our workers only accept their board and lodging expenses, we have made ourselves responsible for an expenditure of over £300 for the coming season, and I hope I may confidently appeal to your many readers, and especially to those who reside or have property in the great metropolis, to take their share in the work and support it by donations or subscriptions (we have no endowment and all our officers are honorary), which I will gladly acknowledge; also by gifts of cast linen for use in the hospitals, and sound illustrated literature. Parcels to Watlingbury Station,

FRANCIS G. OLIPHANT,

Rector of Teston, Hon. Secretary of
Church of England Mission to Hop-Pickers.

REVIEWS.

THE DOGGEREL OF SWIFT.

"Swift's Poems." Edited by William Ernst Browning.
London: Bell. 1910. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. net each.

PROBABLY no one to-day save a digger in literary ruins and forgotten places, or one curious to live for an hour in the social air of an earlier day, ever takes from his bookshelf the poems of Swift; or, doing so, does not with a fearful glance at its page after page of wits, wits, beaux, fops, drabs, Joves, Phœbuses, Wood's Halfpence, Dr. Delanys and all the unsavoury rest, hastily restore the volume to its place between, say, the works of Samuel Butler and some unloved copy of "The Splendid Shilling". It is plain enough now that Swift wrote no poetry; that in these two volumes, so admirably edited and printed so worthily, there is no gold, no melody, no magic for us.

Shelley and Coleridge and Wordsworth did not leave their work of iconoclasm half done. Look down a shelf of Johnson's poets; how well they sleep—the Buckinghams, Rowes, Hammonds, Sheffields, Smiths, Garths, Blackmores, Lytteltons and all the other false gods and favourites of our grandfathers' grandfathers; and Swift, the poet, sleeps as soundly as the least of these. Plainly he was no gracious child of Beauty-sprite, no born and sworn shepherd of the tears and smiles of humanity, no crony of dawns and suns and foams and glow-worms. Or, if he came of that high breed, it was as one estranged from the stars, with an asp at his heart, and condemned during eighty years of life to go with rebellious eyes among the middens of a world washed by slimy seas whereon

"Slimy things did crawl with legs",

and to stare into a terrible sky forever

"Like that when some great painter dips

His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse".

How he fled about that dreadful landscape and what foul shapes he startled with his monstrous curses he wrote into hundreds of rhymed pages with relish as keen as Jefferies could bring to an adventure in a bower of goldfinches or Thompson to a race among the stars; but his heavenly mother—if indeed we must count him so born—so generous to these others of her sons, withheld her magic, and one of the profoundest sorrows of human story is flat and dead, and its re-telling not to be endured.

It might or might not be profitable to attempt an investigation of the Muse's absence from the land and times of Anne and the first George; some there are, we know, who believe that she and Joseph Addison, virtuous gentleman, could not live in the same world together, and that the mortal elected to stay. That does not seem to us to be a sufficient explanation. Was not "The Ancient Mariner" written in the age of Pye? and "Thyrsis" in the times of Tupper? and "The Hound of Heaven" in a day intolerable with the noise of literary hucksters and mongers and dinner-men beneath an honourable pen's naming? But flown she was, and appeared to none. What dreadful whisper in the souls of men was that which in her defection persuaded them that the whole pith and marrow of humanity was confined between the four walls of a Covent Garden coffee-house? and that the slopes of the divine Hill were to be trod by a glorified train gibbering the praise of Oxfords and Halifaxes and like Court favourites and politicians?

Men and women were moved by beautiful impulse and desire in that day as they had been before its dawn and have been since its setting; no blackbird lazy and loud in the hazels of this year's Spring but its fathers piped as richly to that generation of ears; and chaffinches sang and there were bubbles on the water. What unseen fingers shut the eyes and waxed in the ears of the brightest and best of that forlorn time to these things?

It is likely that men will long continue so to ask about

the dark age which ended on that immortal eve when the rapt boy of Chichester heard once again the blessed alleluiahs in the note of a wandering night-fly. Famous hour! Mother of Wild West Winds and Solitary Reapers and Perilous Faery Seas and endless fays of Paradise destined to sweeten the world for a thousand generations to come! That is the everlasting glory of William Collins; as, though the self-same accent he heard came not again save fitfully and tentatively as a linnet's tinkle with the dulling of the rime-flower for many a year after, the mists and smokes of ugliness and cleverness and silliness and what-not mischievous mockery and blasphemy of Beauty were parted, and to this day, by the grace of Heaven, have not been joined together again over us. Broken, blindfolded god or man bedevilled, but by his stature still among the greatest, Swift wrote for us no poetry. Yet it is plain that his contemporaries and his successors down to a recent period found his witty doggerel strewn with flowers of immortality.

One cannot say whether he himself took his verse-making seriously, though at another's suggestion he could prune a piece of several hundred lines down to half its original length, and we have no reason to believe that he counted his labour lost. Neither may we doubt that he considered his time well occupied when he affronted his great intellect by the composition of such things as "Strephon and Chloe", "The Lady's Dressing Room", "Cassinus and Peter" and the lines beginning "Corinna, pride of Drury Lane". Surely this stuff might now be blotted out of memory by all who revere the name of Swift. Of his better verses we like most to remember "The Place of the Damned" and "The Last Judgment"; the latter, although marred by the use of the slang term of the age "you're bit" in the last line, deserves a niche in the memory of his countrymen. Of the man himself, of his distemper and of the women he so strangely loved, much and over-much has been written, and we have no desire to add more; but we would hazard the opinion that his madness and his love-tangle have had as much to do with the keeping of his name in the common ear as all the matchless irony and complete knowledge of the natural history of style shown in his redoubtable prose writings.

GREEK ATHLETICS.

"Greek Athletic Sports and Festivals." By E. Norman Gardiner. London: Macmillan. 1910. 10s. 6d.

AT last we have a book on Greek sport written by someone who knows something about athletics. Mr. Norman Gardiner, in this excellently written and excellently illustrated book of some five hundred pages, has put together a really enormous amount of information with regard to his subject. He begins with a history of Greek athletics and athletic festivals down to 393 A.D., including the four great meetings and some of the Athenian gatherings, but excluding the lesser local sports, and the story is very different from that which is told in the ordinary, and usually erroneous, books of reference. He follows this with detailed descriptions of the best-known stadia and of the hippodrome, the gymnasium and the palaestra, and a close examination of the ancient Greek foot-race, jump, throwing of the disc and javelin, wrestling, boxing and pankration. Our only regret is that he has been compelled to cut down his admirable articles on these competitions, which appeared in the "Journal of Hellenic Studies", and we exhort those who wish to be convinced of the conclusiveness of most of his reasoning to read these. It is very seldom indeed that we find anything to criticise in his statements. He points out the drawbacks of the starting-gate as used at Olympia, but yet suggests that there would have been room for the chariots which were so started to start in a straight line. If so, it is impossible to see why the invention ever came into existence at all. It must have been intended to allow a greater number of chariots to run at once than could have started in the ordinary way. Again,

he is not right in stating that in the proper antique way of throwing the disc the right foot did not come forward till after the disc had left the hand. It necessarily comes forward at the same moment as the hand; otherwise the swing of the body could not be properly applied. But with the rest of his remarks on the disc we cordially agree. Surely no one can now be found to support the preposterous method invented at Athens, which has neither athletic merit nor archaeological evidence to support it. It has disappeared from the Stockholm programme, and we heartily wish we had had nothing to do with it at the London Olympic Games.

There is plenty of humour in Mr. Gardiner's story. Take the tale of Apollonius, who was fined for coming late to Olympia because he had been pot-hunting in Ionia (he was a *periodonikes*, an itinerant victor, a type so well known in modern athletics, which is only too apt not to arrive in time or not to arrive at all). The story continues that in his annoyance at finding his rival in the act of being crowned he put on the boxing thongs and punched his head. Or take the distribution by Empedocles of fragments of an ox composed of spices in order that he might remain true to his vegetarian principles and yet comply with a wholesome custom; or Nero's cheerful way of ridding himself of dangerous competition. He succeeded in frightening off all competitors from his own particular event at the Isthmia except a certain Epirote, who wanted ten talents before he would withdraw. The Emperor made short work of him by sending a band of bravos who effectually spoilt his voice. The most striking fact, perhaps, which emerges from the whole history is the shortness of the period within which true athletics flourished in Hellas. Their prime lasted scarcely a century. After that we find the evils of professionalism and corruption in an aggravated form.

Besides its learning, the great merit of Mr. Gardiner's book is the absence of any of that foolishness which disfigures almost all books on the subject, particularly in Germany. No matter has suffered so much from the practical incompetence of its exponents. We remember a celebrated professor at Oxford who solemnly explained to us that the "*clavis adunca*" mentioned by Propertius (obviously a "*skid*") was a "key by which a hoop was opened in order to insert other hoops". We have heard Dr. Emil Reich, lecturing to an audience some of whom knew something of athletics, exhort his hearers to imitate the Greek runners on the vases and stretch their fingers out wide in order to increase their pace, and inform them that Greek long-jumpers jumped over iron spikes in order to display their courage. The objects which Dr. Reich mistook for spikes were merely pegs or lines marking the previous jumps (see the picture on page 306 of the present work). Other pundits have suggested that the chariots in the Homeric race started in file one behind the other; that the thong, which is sometimes depicted as held in the hand of the javelin-thrower before he had attached it to the missile, was a pair of compasses with which he was about to measure out a circle on the ground as a target, or a kind of croquet-hoop at which he was proposing to aim; that the pentathlete who had won four out of the five events did not receive the prize unless he won the fifth event also; and that the Greek runner shouted as he ran in order to encourage himself. Even Dr. Jüthner, one of the best of them, has imagined that the disc was thrown with a "*Kreisschwung*", a circular swing. We should like to see what would happen to the learned doctor or to the spectators if he tried it, whether with the true Hellenic disc or with the idiotic object of wood and metal which was concocted at Athens and which unfortunately is still in use. No more exhilarating spectacle could be devised than an athletic meeting at which all these learned individuals should be compelled to perform in the manner which they attribute to the ancient Greeks, with Mr. Gardiner as umpire armed with the forked rod of the ancient athletic judges and with full authority to apply it "good and hard" to their learned persons.

A MANGLED MASS.

"Communion Service in 5 Parts." By William Byrde. Adapted from the Original Latin by S. Royle Shore. London: Breitkopf and Härtel. 1910. 2s.

THE eminent music-publishers, Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, aided and abetted by a gentleman named Mr. S. Royle Shore, are having a little game with the music-lovers of the Anglican Church. Their practical joke shows a keen sense of the humorous. Mr. Shore carries it through in a very high-spirited way with the aid of a simple device of which he promises to become a master. In his preface he makes history as well as writes it. He throws out a suggestion, the barest of bare suppositions; and a paragraph or so later we find him handling it as a fact established on trustworthy evidence. He is a mighty performer at the game of saying a thing was "probably" so-and-so and proceeding as if he had proved it was "certainly" so-and-so; and generally there is no ground on which to base so much as his "probably". His history is compact of conjectures, mostly preposterous. Sometimes he is more courageous. For instance, he speaks of the "hostile influences" which prevented Anglican composers writing Communion Services, and adds "although, as will be shown, the tradition of a better state of things never quite died out". This is pretty, but quite untrue, and when we look for the "showing" we find this: "If nowhere else, the Holy Communion Service was probably continued to be rendered in the Royal Chapel [of Elizabeth] and suitable music provided which has since disappeared, like other music of the time". There is no evidence whatever to support this "probably". Neither is there for this: "It is probable that . . . the full service which Batten wrote for the Holy Communion . . . was composed in obedience to the commands of the Bishop [Laud] in order that his directions for the due choral rendering of the Eucharist could be complied with . . .". This is another "probably", and though Mr. Shore argues from it as a fact, there is again nothing to support it. He goes on to say that Jeremiah Clark "probably wrote his settings" of the "Sanctus" and "Gloria" to supply deficiencies in "the other Services in use". This is not only a daring surmise but undiluted nonsense into the bargain: old Jeremiah was very unlikely to do anything of the sort. Again: "It is suggested that the 'Gloria in Excelsis' was even written more often than supposed, but that it remained unpublished". Who "suggested" such a hare-brained hypothesis, we wonder! And once again: "It is on record that similarly supplementary settings were composed, clearly for like reasons, by" a long list of musicians. Nothing of the kind is "on record"—or, if so, we should like to know where—and Mr. Shore's "clearly" is merely a variant of the "probably" with which one has grown familiar. In the "long list" the last Wesley is included, and a footnote states that "Strictly speaking, Wesley wrote a 'Gloria in Excelsis' in C to be used with either his Services in E and F, in which this movement was wanting". Conjectures, "probablys", "clearlys", "supposes", and "has been stated-s" do not by repetition become certainties and facts. With regard to the Mass Mr. Shore remarks ". . . it is surprising with what ease the English generally takes the place of the Latin equivalent, and that without any alterations in Byrde's music, beyond the addition or omission of a few crotchets" etc. etc.; and "there is, at some points, even a positive musical gain". First, then, the "Kyrie" of course is ruined: there is no place for it in the Anglican service, and fragments of it are here fitted to the responses to the Ten Commandments. Next, the order of the numbers is necessarily transposed. Byrde's divinely sweet "Agnus" should end the service; here we find the brilliant "Gloria", which it was part of the original plan should come second, at the end, spoiling the devotional atmosphere entirely. The process of adaptation has apparently consisted in writing the English words over the Latin in a copy of the edition of Messrs. Squire and

Terry. It must, as Mr. Shore observes, have been easy work—the more surprising therefore is such a word as “heaven-lis”, which shows that the original Latin has not been completely erased. In more than one case the ties binding two notes together in the original have not been taken out to make two separate notes to suit the English. As for the “positive musical gain” “at some points”, the less said about it the better. Mr. Shore may for all we know have a finer sense of rhythm and accent than poor old Byrde had; and it need only be remarked that he has succeeded in changing the character of Byrde’s music with his alterations. On p. 10 we get the extraordinary word “th’only” (for “the only”) to make the music originally set to “*Filium Dei unigenitum*” fit “the only begotten Son of God”. This is, we presume, one of the “positive gains”. An unwarrantable sentimental rallentando is introduced on the same page. Another piece of sentimentality is the *pp* at the opening of the majestic “*Sanctus*”. (It is a pity, by the way, that when turning minims into two crotchets, cutting out ties etc., Mr. Shore did not alter the Latin version’s accompaniment to correspond. The accompaniment is meant for practice only, and, as Mr. Shore has left it, it can only bamboozle the luckless singers.) On p. 26 we note an unnecessary and ridiculous “*più lento*”; and as bad a “*più mosso*” on p. 30. On p. 33 Mr. Shore has not been wary enough: he leaves the original notes for “*Dominus Deus*”, but leaves to the singers the problem of fitting these notes to “*Lord God*”.

These are samples merely of Mr. Shore’s editing and adapting: we are prepared to give many more. The effect of the music when sung as it is here printed will be always bad and often ludicrous; and High Churchmen who may take up the “*Communion Service*” will feel that they have been fooled. Byrde wrote with consummate art for the human voice: no composer ever made finer use of the vowels or handled the awkward consonants more deftly. Mr. Shore has changed all that; and congregations will sometimes be forced to think that both men and boys are trying to swallow eggs without breaking them. We suggest to Messrs. Breitkopf that the joke has been carried far enough. Who Mr. Royle Shore may be we do not know; but we do know the high reputation of Breitkopf and Härtel, and we do know also that that reputation will not be raised by the inclusion of Mr. Shore’s jeu d’esprit, or whatever it may be called, in the same catalogue with the gorgeous and masterly edition of Palestrina.

EXTENSIVE AND INTENSIVE CHRISTIANITY.

“*The Church and the World.*” By Walter Hobhouse.
London: Macmillan. 1910. 10s. net.

WE are disappointed in Mr. Hobhouse’s Bampton.

He starts boldly from an unpopular thesis, viz. that “it is not the primary function of the Church to diffuse an elevating influence over the World, but to make saints and to preserve intact both its own existence as a Divine Society and also the treasure which it guards”. He declares war on pseudo-Socialist conceptions of a comfortable trades-union Kingdom of God and on undenominationalist watering down of the Faith to make it “national”. The true policy of the Church is one of concentration, not of diffusion, and Christianity should be intensive rather than extensive, deep over a small area rather than spread out thin over a wide one. So far Mr. Hobhouse is countering the conventional Broad Church idea of the world as the salt of the Church, the Erastian conception of the State as the only true Divine Society, the Liberal notion of a Church Establishment as the inoculation of the nation with a diluted and attenuated serum of Christianity to make it immune against taking the disorder badly. We may recall that a few years ago the Bishops of the northern Province rejected the requirement of a Church qualification for membership of the proposed parochial Church councils, holding that any but a rate-payer franchise would “de-nationalise” the Church of

England, while Low Churchmen are quite content to accept laws about religion from a secular Parliament and the interpretation of religious formularies from civil tribunals. In a thousand ways the World has supplanted the Church, and that without any elevation, except in a few minds, of the idea of civil society.

Here was a promising theme, and we looked for a philosophic discussion of the ideal as contrasted with the actual relations of the Church and the World, an enquiry how far the State is to be identified with the latter, and an elucidation of the right attitude of the disciple of the Cross to earthly pursuits and pleasures. To what extent is ascetic renunciation called for, and why? How comes the harmonious order called Kosmos to be “enmity with God”? What are the respective claims of other-worldliness and this-worldliness? Is the Church an unwall’d city or a fenced fold, a broad haven or a narrow way? How are we to reconcile the call to escape from the world and the command to leaven it? Is the Christian life primarily a pilgrim’s progress, a saving of a man’s soul and the souls of others, or is it a benevolent diffusion of happiness and wholesomeness through a world which is progressively developing into a new paradise? The key to these questions is found by theologians in the doctrine of the Fall. So far as alienation from the Divine will persists, Christianity withdraws ascetically into itself, and Catholicity becomes the higher Puritanism. Thus the Tractarians, regarding “national apostasy” as imminent, were as austere towards the ballroom, the theatre, the light novel and the racecourse as Clapham itself. But where and when human society conforms to the Divine order, the maypole, the morris-dance, the holyday recreation, the market, whatever in fine is human and natural, is defended by the Church against precisianism as innocent and even as consecrated. Above all, the union of sacred and secular finds its highest expression in a sacramental bond between Church and State, in kingly nursing-fatherhood of religion, and the modelling of human laws upon the law Divine. But when “Church and State” has ceased to be the homage of a nation to the Redeemer and become a mere tyranny of lawyers over spiritual things, religious men are forced to ask reluctantly for severance.

Mr. Hobhouse, however, seems wholly unconscious of any of these questions. Confining himself, as perhaps his limits compelled, to the acceptance by the Church of aid from the temporal power for the extension of Christianity and repression of heresy, he harps throughout on the single string of the corruption of religion by alliance with the world and on “the fundamental separateness of the spiritual society from the secular order”. He is not a Manichean, a Montanist or a Quaker, yet his postulate stands in this unguarded and crude form. He does not say why the Christian conception of the State should be so much lower than that of pagan philosophers who taught that it existed “for the sake of noble life”; or how an organisation, which he grants is from God and has moral ends, and must deal with subjects like marriage, can lawfully stand outside God’s Kingdom; or in what sense civil law and government come within the sphere of Incarnate Redemption; or why the acceptance by the Empire of Christianity, however mixed the original motives, was a falling away from an ideal to which the nations, as they one by one take their honour and glory out of Christ’s Kingdom, are now happily returning. Of course, the very imperfect adhesion of the world to the Faith imperilled its purity, as Mr. Hobhouse brings out very clearly. The nets broke, and we do not doubt for a moment that the restoration of the discipline of the Cross is the first duty of the Church. But the dragging down of the soul by the body is no excuse for suicide, and the Liberationism after which Mr. Hobhouse hankers half-heartedly is, at best, an inevitable abandonment of the great Epiphany ideal. Unfortunately, there is nothing to show that his conception of human society and government rises above the whiggery of Macaulay. Again, the English State has been progressively secularised since 1688, and the Church

has long been practically disestablished, yet the result has been not the recovery of religious discipline but the miserable state of things rightly styled "the religious chaos of to-day". There are certainly not fewer "light half-believers of our casual creeds" now than there were in the ages when Church and State were practically identical. Mr. Hobhouse has industriously brought together an array of facts and quotations which will be useful to refer to, and it may be hoped that the figment of a liberty-loving Puritanism is exposed for ever. But this wearisome denunciation of the arm of the flesh is all on the familiar hackneyed lines, without any attempt to enter into the mind of the past or to give the other side of the picture. Who from these lectures would get any notion of the exquisite harmonies in mediævalism resulting from the blending and interpenetration of religion and the common life of men, of the great institutional constructions of that age, or of the appalling loss to Europe from the break-up of the unity of human and national life? It was that overpowering conception of life's unity, and of the exclusive universality of Christ's authoritative claim, necessitating a burning jealousy for the purity of the one Faith and for the salvation of men's souls, by the destruction, if necessary, of their bodies, in the day of the Lord, which explains the paradox of Christianity being the mother of religious persecution. Mr. Hobhouse, however, treats the subject in the usual superficial manner. We are the more disappointed as we agree with him that the time has come for Christianity, having lost the world, to concentrate and deepen the meaning of discipleship, insisting that membership without obligation shall cease, and compromise be no longer the lodestar of official policy.

THE IRISH ASSASSIN.

"Irish Conspiracies." By Frederick Moir Bussey.
London: Everett. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

THE incidental value of this book is considerable. It is a fair record of the tragic transition from military Fenianism and its chivalrous manhood to agrarian boycotting and its murderous cowardice. Irishmen of all kinds will be grateful to an Englishman who can so clearly see the distinction between the patriot who would give his life for his country and the politician who would cut his neighbour's throat for the neighbour's property. As a matter of fact, the cult of murder arose from the defeat of the military idea and the consequent degradation of its discipline, a fact which might help the British to understand the Irish. The "land policy", with its blood and theft, was the looting by a mercenary rabble disbanded from a broken army.

So much for the excellent purpose of the book, but the execution is less fortunate. There is a "literary" attempt to decorate ready-made tragedy, which gives fact the air of fiction. Fictions ought to be stated as if they were facts, but facts stated as if they were fictions are lying. For instance, there is detailed dialogue between murderers while they wait in a churchyard to "remove" the land agent, but the whole narrative leaves the reader in doubt whether it is meant for history or for invention. It demands some mental detachment, however, to avoid the romantic manner in a narrative of facts which are in many ways so much stranger than fiction.

When the book restrains itself to telling simply what happened, the effect is fascinating. Take the case of James Carey, the pious town councillor of Ireland's capital, who went to Mass and Holy Communion as a preparation to murder, the Chief Secretary; Michael Cavanagh, who, steeped in murder, threw up his hands in alarm at eating meat on Friday; Timothy Kelly, the choir-boy of seventeen, who was one of the two actual assassins in the Phoenix Park; and Joe Brady, the other of them, who went up to murder the detective at his office, got half-a-crown from him instead, and explained "Ah, sure, sor, I hadn't the heart to do it". The way of the devoted Carey was to plan the murders at night for to-morrow, go to Mass next morning, then

go to give the murder signal—and in the end turn informer, hanging the assassins he had trained and taking a comfortable income from the Treasury for himself and his family. That is the sort of human rat that was bred in the gutters of Irish public life when the manhood of Fenianism made way for "constitutional" agitation.

One wonders how Mr. Bussey can scatter about his book, out of their order, facts which ought to be in relevant sequence. Take three of these facts for example: (1) Frank Byrne was secretary to the Irish Parliamentary party, and it was his wife who took over from London the surgical instruments by which Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were butchered. (2) The first information leading to the conviction of the murderers came from the wife of a member of the Irish Parliamentary party. (3) The detective who successfully worked up the indictment refused to give evidence before the Parnell Commission on the ground that it might prejudice his position with his army of Nationalist informers. Much of the book is about that detective, Mr. John Mallon, who is Mr. Bussey's hero, and deserves the title. He had the patriots so completely in his hand that one or more of them always went to tell him immediately after they had planned a murder. For instance, one of the schemes to murder himself was laid at night, next door to the "Freeman's Journal", and he knew all about it long before the hour next morning when, with his revolver ready, he stood on the doorstep of his office to receive Joe Brady.

Mr. Bussey and Mr. Mallon make one feel sorry for Sir Robert Anderson, whose published statements on these matters they flatly deny at many points, even where he takes credit for things done. They do not appear to agree with him in holding that the Parliamentarians failed to dissociate themselves from the record of the Invincibles; yet he makes no such strong charge against the Parliamentarians as we find implicitly presented in Mr. Bussey's book, backed by Mr. Mallon, notwithstanding Mr. Bussey's attempt to deny or excuse in the first chapter the terrible indictment which he constructively develops in the chapters that follow it. The whole business leaves a mystery that has never been cleared up, and probably never will be. For instance, how is it that men holding responsible positions in private and public life, distinguished in the practice of their religion, planned and directed murder on the scale of an organised campaign, with their conscience apparently approving their conduct? That is the most instructive and far-reaching question raised by a study of Mr. Bussey's compilation.

THE PLANTS OF THE PAST.

"Fossil Plants: a Text-book for Students of Botany and Geology." By A. C. Seward. Vol. II. With 265 Illustrations. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1910. 15s.

"Ancient Plants: being a Simple Account of the Past Vegetation of the Earth and of the Recent Important Discoveries made in this Realm of Nature Study." By Marie C. Stopes. With 122 Figures and Frontispiece. London: Blackie. 1910. 4s. 6d.

PROFESSOR SEWARD'S first volume on fossil plants appeared as long ago as 1898; the interval of twelve years has been a time of exceptionally rapid advance in our knowledge of extinct plants. The author has therefore some reason to congratulate himself on the long delay, which has enabled him to include important new discoveries in his second volume. Probably its successor, which we are encouraged to hope for within a reasonable time, will be still more influenced by recent work and modern views.

The present volume begins with some supplementary information on the Sphenophyllales, a small but most interesting class of Palæozoic plants, about which much that is new has been learnt in the last dozen years. The species of *Sphenophyllum* were graceful, slender

herbs, probably climbers, with leaves ranged in whorls like the Bedstraws of our own day. Their fructifications vary much in different species, and indicate a relation on the one hand to the Horsetails and on the other to the little recent family Psilotaceæ. There are good reasons for believing that the Sphenophyllums represent what, in still earlier times than the Carboniferous, was an extensive group of plants, perhaps derived from some primitive stock allied to the Ferns. But the forms actually known to us were by no means simple plants; for example, Cheirostrobos, a Lower Carboniferous fructification referred to this class, was much more complex than the cone of any Cryptogam now living. The great complexity and high organisation of Palæozoic plants is, however, a familiar fact; primitive simplicity is the last thing one meets with in these ancient floras.

The bulk of the volume is taken up with the Lycopods and the Ferns, two great classes of plants which have been commonly regarded as equally characteristic of the Palæozoic flora. The position of the Club-mosses remains as strong as ever; the great Lepidodendrons and Sigillarias were no doubt the dominant trees, at least in the swampy forests from which our coal is derived. The Ferns, however, have had a very different fate. Until a few years ago it was generally believed that in number of species they formed about half the flora of the Carboniferous age. Now it has turned out that the majority of the well-known and beautiful "fern-fronds" of the coal-shales did not belong to Ferns, in the sense of modern botany, at all, but to seed-bearing plants allied to the Cycads of later periods. In a certain number of instances there is direct proof that the so-called Ferns bore seeds, and in most cases the indirect evidence all points the same way. True ferns, in fact, seemed at one time almost to elude the investigator altogether; as Professor Seward says: "Like the earlier writers who described fossils as *lusus naturæ* fashioned by devilish agency to deceive too credulous man, the discovery of seed-bearing plants with the foliage of ferns threatened to disturb the mental balance of palæobotanists". If ferns had proved to be really absent from the older strata the evolutionist would have been in a bad plight; the fern-like seed-plants, which are really akin to the true ferns, would then have had nothing to be descended from. However, the case is not so hopeless; there is good evidence for the presence of a considerable group of Palæozoic plants, which may safely be classed as ferns, and this group has a synthetic character, showing relationship in various directions to the families of later origin. To express this generalised nature, Professor Seward proposes the name "*Cænopterideæ*" for the group, which had been called *Primofilices* by Mr. Arber. One of the points which have determined their position as true ferns is the mode of germination of the spores; by a strange piece of good fortune spores which had germinated within the sporangium have been preserved. This ancient class is most nearly comparable with the Royal Ferns (*Osmundaceæ*) of our living flora. A widely different group, the *Marattiaceæ*, now represented by a few tropical ferns of large size and complex structure, has long been believed to play a conspicuous part in the vegetation of the coal-measures. Recent work has diminished their relative importance, for there is now no doubt that some of the plants referred to this family were really reproduced by seeds, and thus belonged to the higher class of the *Pteridosperms*. It is probable, however, that a considerable number of the famous "tree-ferns" of the later Palæozoic rocks were actual ferns, allied to the family above mentioned.

The *Pteridosperms* or "seed-bearing ferns", which must have been a group of vast extent in Devonian and Carboniferous times, are not fully described in the present volume, but are left, with other seed-plants, to be dealt with in Vol. III. The last chapter, however, is devoted to a number of genera of more or less doubtful position, some few of which will probably be retained among ferns, while the majority are more likely to find their place in the *Pteridosperms* or the Cycads, taking the latter word in its widest sense. Among these

plantæ incertæ sedis it is interesting to find a number of Mesozoic fossils, which, when better known, may perhaps enable us to trace the passage from the fern-like seed-plants to the higher class of *Cycadophyta* which overspread the world during the age of reptiles.

Professor Seward's volume, with its abundant illustrations, gives an admirable idea of the great groups of extinct plants to which it relates. As the book is intended for the geological student, as well as for the botanist, a good deal of information about recent plants, allied to the fossil families, is given. In this the author has succeeded in making clear just those characters which are of importance to those working at the fossils. The book, like some of the groups which it describes, has a synthetic character, for it aims at combining in due proportion the different elements of the subject which have often remained isolated. The systematist, working on the external characters of the fossil plants, has often ignored structure, while the anatomist, realising the superior importance of structural data, is apt to pay little attention to casts and impressions. In this book the balance is on the whole evenly held between the two methods of study. The subject of distribution is one which the author has made his own, and is often referred to under the various groups, but the systematic treatment of this important aspect of fossil botany is deferred to the third volume.

Miss Stopes, in her book "*Ancient Plants*", writes for a wider public. "This book", she says in her preface, "is dedicated to college students, to the senior pupils of good schools where the subject is beginning to find a place in the higher courses of botany, but especially to all those who take an interest in plant evolution, because it forms a thread in the web of life whose design they wish to trace." It is much more difficult to write on such a subject for schoolboys and amateurs than for advanced university students; that the attempt should be made is a proof of the increasing interest in a branch of science usually considered the driest of the dry. Miss Stopes' book is very well done; it begins with some excellent chapters on the kinds of fossils and on coal, then gives some general ideas on the course of plant-evolution, and soon settles down to the main subject, the past history of the chief families of plants. Next comes a chapter on fossil plants as records of ancient countries, and in the "Conclusion" we have an ingenious attempt to predict the course which evolution is likely to follow in the future, so far as plants are concerned. The author knows her subject and has an attractive style; her book will undoubtedly enable many readers to realise how intensely interesting is the eventful history of plant-life as told in the fragmentary records of the rocks.

NOVELS.

"*The Lost Halo.*" By Percy White. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

Mr. White possesses a peculiarly happy gift for analysing social ambitions and exposing the meaner side of characters which would be respectable enough in Arcadia but become petty in modern London. But he has not quite that insight into spiritual conflicts and aspirations required for the biographer of a young mystic. Hence, while he can and does make a great deal of the character of a beautiful, well-educated and ambitious girl, handicapped by worthy parents who sell boots in a mean street, he is not so successful with her unworldly brother, the ardent and eloquent minister of an obscure sect of Nonconformists. Alfred Allington, after an accidental blow on the head, develops a rather sordid cunning which enlists him in support of his sister's matrimonial schemes—harmless and innocent essentially, though involving much finesse. Another blow on his visionary head restores Alfred's conscience and leads to that interesting situation in which (as an Indian civilian was once nearly broken for writing of an official superior) the virtuous man "walks arm in arm with his friend to the verge of fraud and watches him step over the edge". But Alfred's conscience awoke

before the verge was quite reached, and we get consequently that peculiarly difficult moral conflict in which any step must be a breach of faith with somebody. The minor characters quite reach Mr. White's general standard of sub-acid portraiture, but we have never been allowed sufficiently to penetrate Alfred's peculiar temperament to care whether he marries the rich tradesman's daughter or goes away to add to the number of strange sects in the United States.

"Olivia L. Carew." By Netta Syrett. London: Chatto and Windus. 1910. 6s.

During a visit to America Richard Carew married Olivia out of hand. He knew next to nothing about her except that she was beautiful and ignorant of the world. Richard was of it, albeit a good sort. For an Englishman he was rather an emotional person—half an artist; conscious however of his incompleteness, and practising architecture of set purpose as for him the fittest via media, though he would fain have served art wholeheartedly as a painter. Olivia was intended for a New England "schoolmarm". She worshipped the dry light of intellect—as exemplified in class lists and prize competitions. Love-making was waste of time, passion improper; both impediments to great enterprises. The realities of marriage revolted her; when she nearly became a mother she said "This must never happen again", and as soon as she was convalescent went on "improving her mind" with increased concentration. Unlike Richard, she was not aware of limitations: had not her essay on "Duty" been printed by a Chicago magazine? One knows the kind of prig. It may be doubted whether the experiences cleverly invented for her by Miss Syrett would have really been successful in bringing such a one to a sense of her pathetic futility; and whether a man like Richard would really have gone on loving a wife who attained at length to a normal perspective by means of such experiences. But these problems may safely be left to the readers of this bright and thoughtful novel.

"The Glory and the Abyss." By Vincent Brown. London: Chapman and Hall. 1910. 6s.

It is odd that a book written with so much quiet force as this is should have been given so flamboyant a title; and even when we have read the story with enjoyment we can only guess at the application of the tract-like label to the facts. These deal with an obscure life of self-abnegation; not the voluntary sacrifice of the professional ascetic, but a peasant's inborn submissiveness to circumstances, including in that term the thankless lifelong service of a very mixed lot of "feckless" relatives. Peter Bonoor had as compensation his love of Nature; but of the saving grace for others of the spectacle of his simplicity—in the old sense—he was unconscious. This influence is Mr. Brown's leading theme, though he does not labour it. His minor characters are lifelike and amusing—notably the Professor, of pretended flippancy, who frequently stayed at the vicarage, and is a sort of Chorus; and one is only restrained from smiling at the portrait of that hopeless degenerate Charles Bonoor by its rather appalling reality. We are less satisfied with the ending. It is no doubt in keeping with the scheme of the book that the wicked should continue apparently to flourish, and we can understand the author's omission to deal out poetic justice to the chief malefactor. But his escape should be plausible; in these days even the humblest under-gardener is not found in the woods dying from internal injuries inflicted by a blow with the butt-end of a rifle without examination and inquiry following.

"A Year Out of Life." By Mary E. Waller. London: Melrose. 1910. 6s.

Miss Nathalie A. Felton, having finished her lessons in Hanover, and got as far as Cassel on her educational tour in Europe, wanted something to do that would enlarge her sphere of influence—she has humour enough to add a note of exclamation—increase her knowledge of German, and improve her English

composition. So she wrote to the celebrated author Friedrich von Ehrlingen, a gentleman personally unknown to her, asking permission to translate certain of his works. Thereupon ensued a correspondence which arrived at "Dear Nathalie" and fatherly surmises as to Nathalie's appearance when tucked up in bed long before it was directed to a rendezvous in the Dresden Gallery. Herr von Ehrlingen was a poet—as well as a widower turned forty with two children—and his letters, which are given at length, may well have seemed "lovable"—the epithet he applied to hers—to an undeveloped American girl of nineteen. They are very well done. Nothing came of this literary and sentimental rencontre from the point of view of the practical match-maker; but Nathalie undoubtedly enlarged her sphere of influence temporarily, as the poet in the end informed her she had fooled him of a year out of his life. As a matter of fact both parties had been fooling themselves as persons of a combined literary and sentimental turn are apt to do; and this book is an admiral exposition of the way they do it.

"The Little Gods." By Rowland Thomas. London: Stanley Paul. 1910. 6s.

A book of short stories is always sure of a welcome—if they are good short stories. We can read a story in the luncheon-hour, and take up the book in our next leisure moment without having to reconstruct the plot. Mr. Rowland Thomas provides recreation for many luncheon-hours and quiet evenings, and he caters for many tastes. The stories are all about the Philippine Islands and the days of Spanish supremacy and the interference of America. Of course, Mr. Thomas is an American, and nine-tenths of his heroes are American. "Fagan", "God's Little Devils", "A Little Ripple of Patriotism", "The Super-falious Man", and "An Optimist" are soldiers' tales of a somewhat unusual character; "The Little Man", "The Valley of Sunshine and Shadow", "What Okimi Learned" are mainly love stories; "Where There is No Turning" treats of the problem of mixed marriage, and "This Fortune" and "McGennis's Promotion" are tales of pioneering in the van of civilisation. The author assures us that he draws his inspiration from real life and could put names to his characters; but it is not everyone who can build even on a substratum of fact, and "The Little Gods" grips the imagination from cover to cover.

"The Illustrious Prince." By Phillips Oppenheim. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1910. 6s.

Two American gentlemen were mysteriously murdered on two consecutive evenings—one in a special between Lime Street and Euston and the other in a taxi between the Savoy and South Kensington. Both were carrying despatches showing the secret intention of the States with regard to war with Japan. Prince Maiyo was a cousin of the Mikado and devoted to his country's service; he had been entrusted with a mission to report on the advisability of renewing the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and he maintained an exclusively Japanese establishment in S. James' Square. It takes Inspector Jacks of Scotland Yard the whole of a long book to piece these things together, but then he has to contend with a young gentleman who does not scruple to immure a principal witness in his corner of Old Japan. Meanwhile the Prince is lecturing the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary on the decadence of England, with special reference to football matches and the lack of universal training to arms. Until we read this book we had not realised how behindhand we are.

"Johnny: a Lady of the Period." By Herbert George. London: Greening. 1910. 6s.

There are books—and this is one of them—which make us wonder whether in some future existence we shall ever begin to understand exactly how and from what sources certain authors formed their conceptions of English life. Do shopboys and shopgirls really act and talk in the odd ways that we sometimes find attributed to people of, presumably, higher social standards?

"Johnny" is a vulgar little minx who runs away and hides in man's clothes because her aunt, the vulgar widow of a city knight (who calls herself, and is called, Lady Elizabeth Parkins), wishes her to marry an impossible lout of a bibulous painter. She meets a stalwart young bounder, who plays first-class cricket and is apparently meant to have been a public-school and 'Varsity man, and, though an intolerable curate nearly upsets everything, two Americans—the only human beings in the book—contrive a happy ending. Mr. George is rather by way of being a humorist.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Ring of Pope Xystus." Translated and Edited by F. C. Conybeare M.A. London: Williams. 1910. 4s. 6d. net.

This book consists of the well-known "Sententiæ" of Sextus, Sixtus or Xystus, now for the first time translated into English. Rufinus had rendered them into Latin in A.D. 400, but Mr. Conybeare translates from the original Greek text, discovered by Anton Elter in Vatican Codex 742, and published by him in 1892. There have not been wanting scholars who ascribe the book to Pope Sixtus II. (ob. 258), but the great majority of Catholic critics, from S. Jerome downwards, consider the author to be a Pythagorean philosopher called Sextus. Harnack, as Mr. Conybeare admits, is of the same opinion. But Mr. Conybeare makes an effort, wholly unsuccessful as it seems to us, to show that these aphorisms are the work of Pope Sixtus I. (ob. circa 126). Rufinus was the first to assign them to a Sixtus "Bishop and Martyr", but not to Sixtus I., as Mr. Conybeare asserts he does. To us the work would appear to be frankly pagan and more precisely neo-Pythagorean, touched up here and there by a Christian hand. The testimony of S. Jerome on the pagan authorship, repeated again and again, is overwhelming. Mr. Conybeare will have it that Origen is a witness to the Christian authorship of the book. Origen mentions the book twice: once to instance the author, along with Philo the Jew, as persuasively inculcating an un-Christian practice, and again to say that even the majority of Christians have read the book, clearly showing by the "even" that the book is not Christian. (Mr. Conybeare translates "which the majority of Christians have therefore read".) Take away the witness of Origen and Mr. Conybeare's theory topples to the ground. We have once more to choose between Rufinus and S. Jerome, and we can only accept the view of the great doctor, backed as it is by S. Augustine in the "Retractions". Mr. Conybeare is unquestionably a scholar, but his editing is at times curiously faulty and incomplete. For instance, he does not state from what version he has translated the Prologue of Rufinus; he does not quote the chapter of the Rule of S. Benedict in which he alleges Sixtus is cited as of "almost equal authority with Scripture"; he does not mention the name of Gildemeister's book; nor does he give his authority for the statement that Clement of Alexandria's "Pædagogos" is only a treatise of the Stoic, Musonius Rufus, transcribed by the Christian philosopher "with little modification"; chapter and verse are sometimes wanting, as, for instance, the references to S. Augustine's "De Natura et Gratia", in which Sextus is quoted, nor are we told where Pelagius refers to Sextus. Altogether it is an uncomfortable book. Prepossession hovers over its pages. One cannot get rid of the feeling that Mr. Conybeare, with a want of objective serenity deplorable in such a field of learning, rather enjoys the attempt to foist a non-Christian, non-dogmatic work upon a Christian Bishop and a Pope to boot. Certain it is that, quite à propos de bottes, he characteristically contrives to end with a dig at the Church in the first period of her public recognition, "when in Christian circles (according to him) the prime importance came to be attached rather to correctness of dogmatic belief than of life. Moral considerations were then relegated to the background, and doctrinal conundrums took their place". E patati e patata. This sort of thing, in the full light of the twentieth century, is really as stale and weary as it is flat and unprofitable.

"The Moon of the Fourteenth Night": being the Private Life of an Unmarried Diplomat in Persia during the Revolution, made into a book by Eustache de Lorey and Douglas Sladen. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1910. 16s.

The circumstances of the publication of this book were unusual. The late Edouard Valmont's diary in Persia came into the hands of his colleague, M. de Lorey, of the French Legation at Teheran, who collaborated with Mr. Sladen in editing it. "The Moon of the Fourteenth Night"—Full Moon—is a certain Bibi-Mâh, a young Persian woman of noble family. M. Valmont, ready for adventures, was

soon perilously in love with Bibi-Mâh. He was a romantic lover of Persian poetry and Persian gardens; but, when Bibi-Mâh went off one day, he discovered it was another he really loved—this time a compatriot, Yvonne de Basqueville. She was, if you please, the representative in Teheran of the Maison Paquin! M. Valmont's domestic picturesquities, to borrow Mr. Sladen's phrase, will amuse the Europeans of Teheran, who we dare say now hear of them, and of Yvonne and of Yvonne's Persian garden, for the first time. We suggest that the diary, and perhaps M. Valmont, himself, is imagined. But the book deserves to be read on other accounts. The diary begins in 1906, and ends in July 1909. Thus, M. Valmont observed the whole course of the revolution, and saw the opening of the new reign. He appreciated the fairness of the British attitude, distrusted Russia, and, though disillusioned at times, favoured the Constitutional party. His friends were Nationalists, but he talks familiarly too of the great personages on the other side of the struggle, Emir Bahadour, Saad-ud-Dowleh, the Russian Shapshal. Persia is lucky in her boy Shah if M. Valmont has described him truly. His pretty, childish face is unaffectedly serious, he has fine almond eyes, and the lofty benevolence of a sovereign accustomed to command. Some of the pictures reproduced from contemporary Persian newspapers are decidedly entertaining, notably "What Young Persia is coming to" and "Finding Reasons for the Constitution in the Koran", examples of the manner in which Persian Nationalists perceive the incongruity of their own aspirations.

"During the Reign of Terror: the Journal of Grace Dalrymple Elliott." London: Unwin. 1910. 4s. 6d. net.

The journal of an eye-witness is not seldom the very worst kind of authority so far as facts go. Miss Elliott, who was in several prisons during the Revolution, puts Custine in the Cannes prison when he was never there, and executes Hurrop at eighteen when really he was thirty-two. But, however inaccurate, a journal is true where in a sense a scientific history is not. There are pages in this little book which give as vivid a picture of Revolution days as any page in Carlyle. Miss Elliott was one of the heroines of the Terror. True, she had loved more than one Prince too well for her decent name; but as the woman who rescued Chansenets, Governor of the Tuileries, at peril of her life, and who did not scruple to speak of the murder of the man Capet as an unspeakable sin to the Tribunal itself, she rose in some things above the merely virtuous. Miss Elliott's first arrest had its lighter side. A letter was found among her papers addressed to Fox. Fox (reasoned the guard) was English, like the monster Pitt. Here was flat treason. So away they went to the Tribunal. There Chabot was sure it was a conspiracy. Vergniaud happily knew that Fox and Pitt were not exactly in agreement as to the merits of the Revolution, so Miss Elliott was called upon to translate the letter to them aloud. Not a member of the Tribunal could translate an English letter! But they told her to be careful. Though they could not read English, they knew enough to tell if she read it wrongly. The letter, of course, was all in praise of the Revolution and the men who were conducting it. Chabot was greatly annoyed and wanted to send Miss Elliott to the guillotine for proving her innocence to his own confusion. Much has been written of the suffering and the heroism of prisoners and suspects under the Terror; but this journal of Grace Dalrymple Elliott remains one of the best documents of the Revolution. Perhaps the translation was necessary—as necessary as any translation of a book written in the simplest of possible French.

"Wood Carvings in English Churches.—I. Misericords." By Francis Bond. London: Frowde. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

The misericord exists in most churches where old stalls still survive, and the ornamentation found on it is occasionally beautiful, often quaint, and always interesting. Mr. Bond has collected 241 photographs and drawings showing the various devices adopted for decorating this uncomfortable form of support; he has also brought together a large amount of curious information which should prove helpful in ascertaining whence craftsmen got ideas for their carvings. Mythology, Bestiaries, Romances, the Zodiac, the daily task, Scripture and Heraldry supplied the artist with material for illustration. Representation of scriptural subjects was uncommon, presumably because it was thought unseemly to put anything of a religious character so near "une partie du corps humain considérée comme peu noble". It is a common error to read satire on doctrinal teaching into many of the pre-Reformation carvings seen in churches: Mr. Bond draws attention to the comparative rarity of cases in which it can be detected. The friars were regarded with some jealousy by clerics outside their ranks, so when they had become rich, and it was believed the wealth of the mendicant orders could

(Continued on p. 244.)

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be traced to a persuasive power of speech, a fox preaching in the form of a friar sometimes tickled the fancy of many an ecclesiastic about whose orthodoxy there could be no dispute. Satire, where existent, is levelled against persons lay as well as clerical, but seldom if ever against dogma or ceremonial.

"Land and Labour Lessons from Belgium." By B. Seebohm Rowntree. London: Macmillan. 1910. 10s. 6d.

In this book Mr. Rowntree has applied to a whole country the method of sociological and economic inquiry he employed in his "Poverty: a Study of Town Life". It contains the result of four years' close study of the main aspects of the social and economic life of Belgium. A Royal Commission would hardly have been less thorough and painfully desirous of recording all the facts; it would perhaps not have been less expensive, and we are quite ready to believe that it would not have drawn up its report less conscientiously than Mr. Rowntree has done this book. What we miss is the Minority Report that always appears on a Royal Commission, and Mr. Rowntree should have given himself a colleague who did not start with prejudices for dividing the land into small holdings and applying Henry George's or Mr. Lloyd George's taxation of land values. In that case Mr. Rowntree's hope of "contributing to the solution of the problem of poverty in Britain by throwing some light on its relation to the system of land tenure" would have been somewhat severely repressed by his colleague. For it is quite clear that with a land system in most points the very opposite of the British, the quantity and quality of the poverty both in town and country are not appreciably different in Belgium from that in Britain. It seems probable that the land hunger in Belgium, which drives up agricultural rents and the prices of land so that life seems to be of the very hardest kind with the most scanty reward, is due to the low wages in towns. The cultivators, whether owners or tenants, are poor, and "both have to live sparely and work extremely hard to make a living". But a third of the soil is owned by peasants, so that it is not easy to see how taxing increments of land value would benefit them. Yet Mr. Rowntree's theory is that all the benefits produced by the fostering of agriculture by the State, the admirable system of agricultural education, the easy communication between town and country by the best transit system in Europe, and, in short, all other improvements can only benefit landlords. He applies this theory to whatever may be done for agriculture in Britain. But the value of the book depends on its facts and its review of the conditions under which Belgium has kept its population on the land and out of the towns. As the recognised authority it will be largely read and quoted on both sides in the controversy between peasant tenancy and peasant ownership.

"Country Cottages and Homes." By E. A. Briggs. London: Allen. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

In an introductory note, Mr. Briggs says the wise man is guided by his architect, and he might have added the wise man is fortunate if he can continue to call himself wise. We doubt if the designs supplied by Mr. Briggs will be much help to anyone about to build and anxious to know what he can get for a fixed sum. Estimates depend on labour supply, haulage to site, facilities for water supply, drainage, and other details. The plans in the book show no arrangements for tanks, wells, pumps, manure-pits for stables, or cess-pits for houses. One plan has a coach-house opening apparently on to a garden path, and in most cases we are left to guess where people clean their boots, brush clothes, or stow away boxes. We can see nothing remarkable about the houses illustrated; the majority bear a strong resemblance to buildings that can be seen any day in the average Surrey landscape. Should, however, the suggestion for placing "Owners' Supporters" on the piers of entrance gates to the types of country home delineated be widely adopted, we hope the *Heralds' College* will wake up.

"A Vagabond Journey Around the World." By Harry A. Franck. London: Unwin. 1910. 15s. net.

Mr. Harry Franck has written a travel book almost as refreshing as his journey was novel. Anyone can go round the world if he has a long purse. Mr. Franck decided to make his way round with hardly a coin in his pocket. For instance, he set foot on Ceylon "with an English halfpenny jingleless" in his pocket, and he managed to raise enough money by the sale of his knife to make up his fare from Alexandria to Cairo. Wherever he went in England or in India, in France or in Japan he lived with the poorest, the beachcomber, the beggar, the vagabond. The idea came to him when he was an undergraduate, and he certainly showed extraordinary resource in the manner of carrying it out. He did his *Wanderjahr* so thoroughly that in Ceylon he proposed to commit the heinous offence in a white man of becoming a rickshaw runner. No wonder the American Consul told him to go in the shade somewhere till he came to his senses. The motto of the book is

well chosen from Jean-Jacques Rousseau: "Pour connaître les véritables mœurs d'un pays il faut descendre dans d'autres états; car celles des riches sont presque partout les mêmes." Mr. Franck managed to carry his Kodak, with the result that he gives over a hundred illustrations.

"Sport and Life in the Further Himalaya," by Major R. L. Kennion (London: Blackwood. 1910. 12s. 6d. net), is a collection of sketches which have already appeared in magazines like "Blackwood's" and the "Cornhill"—ample proof of their quality. They are all spirited, picturesque, sympathetic, and sportsmanlike, whether the quarry be ibex, urial, ovis ammon, yak, or deer, and incidentally give admirable pen pictures of people and places in the neighbourhood of Chitral, beyond the Tibetan border on "the roof of the world", and in Kashmir.

LAW BOOKS.

"The New Land Taxes." By T. B. Napier. London: Stevens and Sons. 1910. 12s. 6d.

"The Taxation of Land Values." By Edward S. Cox-Sinclair and Thomas Hynes. London: Knight. 1910. 10s. net.

Both these books are examples of the very highest class of legal workmanship applied to the exposition and elucidation of modern legislation. The Finance Act is no subject for the handling of any tyro who is just competent to collect a few slovenly notes, add them to a print of a new Act, and call the production a law book. It is an immensely complicated subject to begin with, and there are practically none of those precedents which so often relieve the legal writer from the responsibility of private judgment. The land laws, as Dr. Napier remarks, are one of the most technical subjects in the universe, and Parliament is a very unsuitable body for considering a Bill dealing with the mysteries of conveyancing. Lawyers have a well-known story that a great conveyancer, being asked to draw a Bill to introduce a new system of disentailing, would only do so on condition that Parliament would not alter his draft, and the consequent Act was the most comprehensible ever passed. But when a party conflict in addition rages over every clause, as happened to the Finance Bill, it makes interpretation more difficult and uncertain than even the nature of the subject itself. The ordinary defect of incorporating other statutes by reference is heightened in the Finance Act by the statutes incorporated having different objects from the Act itself. For, to quote Mr. Cox-Sinclair and Mr. Hynes, the subjects of taxation are novel, the methods of assessment are new, the system of valuation created by the Act has little in common with any hitherto known, and only the machinery for the collection and recovery of the duties can be said to be adapted from anything to which we have grown accustomed. When the capable writers of these two books have done their best they can only guess at the meaning of many sections until sellers and buyers of land have at great cost obtained the decisions of the courts. And besides this it will give rise to numberless disputes about facts. On the whole Dr. Napier has perhaps more exercised his acuteness in hunting up the obscurities and inconsistencies of the provisions and in suggesting solutions; and lawyers know that raising the proper kind of doubts may be very useful in certain circumstances. Less strictly relevant though it is to the Act itself, Mr. Cox-Sinclair and Mr. Hynes' exposition of whatever historical connexion the Act may have with previous systems of land valuation in the United Kingdom furnishes material not without value. They find in the Irish Land Laws the closest analogy to the administrative processes now introduced into England. The comparison enables us to guess what Dr. Napier means when he says that the law relating to this new system must enter far more largely than before into the ordinary work of a legal practitioner. From the judge to the solicitor they will all be the busier.

"Trust Accounting." By Pretor W. Chandler. 2nd Edition. London: Butterworth. 1910. 10s. 6d.

Keeping accounts of the estates for which they are responsible is one of the most troublesome of the duties trustees and executors have to perform. It ought to be done on a system which would enable them to satisfy at short notice fussy or suspicious beneficiaries who make inquiries about the property and investments and income. Solicitors have mostly these matters in hand, but even they, especially in the small estates, do not keep accounts on any general principle, though the Law Society puts them through an examination in solicitor's bookkeeping. In the larger offices there is no doubt a more systematic keeping of accounts, but at the same time a variety of system which makes for trouble and difficulty of understanding. There are indications that this unsystematic account-keeping will have to be replaced by another method based on a more scientific (which really

means a more simple) principle, and this second edition of Mr. Chandler's book is one of the signs of the times. Solicitors do not like the Public Trustee Act of 1906, but it has made them look around them in this matter of accounting, as now any beneficiary can bring the Public Trustee to bear on any trust and have the accounts investigated and audited. It is significant that in three of the four years since the Act was passed Mr. Chandler's book has come to a second edition, and not less that it was produced at the instance of the Law Society, for which Mr. Chandler examines in conveyancing and trust accounts. His system is substantially that which is prescribed for keeping the accounts of estates administered in Chancery. No accounting could be simpler and plainer, and it is an amusing occupation for several hours to follow the progress of a trust or settlement in Mr. Chandler's estate books.

"General Theory of Law." By N. M. Korkunov. Translation by W. G. Hastings. London: Stevens and Haynes. 1910. 16s. net.

The author of this book was Professor of Public Law in the University of S. Petersburg; its translator is the Dean of the Law Faculty in the University of Nebraska. In the very interesting account which Professor Hastings gives of the work and its author it appears that in a Preface to the French translation made in 1905 Professor Larnaude named this work as representing better than that of any other European jurist the tendencies of the development of legal theory in Western Europe. Another interest also belongs to the book. Professor Korkunov was the head of the Law Faculty in S. Petersburg, and his teaching was the officially recognised treatment of legal theory in that University. The philosophic freedom and unrestrained expression of its ideas surprised Professor Larnaude, and the French translation made Professor Hastings suspect that the French translator might have been too free with the Russian. But he reads Russian, and his University has a native-born Russian graduate, Mr. Felix Newton, one of a Russian colony of several thousands settled in Lincoln, Nebraska. Together they compared the original with the translation, and the liberal sentiments were found to be all in the original and stated with even more pith, condensation and force than in the French. In all this there is evidently sufficient to arouse the curiosity of students of jurisprudence about M. Korkunov's treatise.

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Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by REGINALD WEBSTER PAGE, at the Office, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, in the Parish of St. Paul, in the County of London.—Saturday, 20 August, 1910.